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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, Collected by Himself. In 10 vols. Vol. I. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

We are very glad to see the works of a poet for whom we have always felt the warmest admiration, collected, and in a shape which will ensure their popularity. We shall reserve the criticism which their progress will suggest, till we come to those nobler efforts of which *Joan of Arc* is chiefly valuable as the precursor. The spirit in which the preface is written is, at once, so touching and so high-minded, that we cannot but quote it.

"Now, when about to perform what, at my age, may almost be called the testamentary task of revising, in all likelihood for the last time, those works by which it was my youthful ambition 'to be for ever known,' and part whereof I dare believe has been 'so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die,' it appeared proper that this poem, through which the author had been first made known to the public, two-and-forty years ago, should lead the way; and the thought that it was once more to pass through the press under my own inspection, induced a feeling in some respects resembling that with which it had been first delivered to the printer,—and yet how different! For not in hope and ardour, nor with the impossible intention of rendering it what it might have been had it been planned and executed in middle life, did I resolve to correct it once more throughout; but for the purpose of making it more consistent with itself in diction, and less inconsistent in other things with the well-weighed opinions of my mature years. The faults of effort, which may generally be regarded as hopeful indications in a juvenile writer, have been mostly left as they were. The faults of language, which remained from the first edition, have been removed; so that, in this respect, the whole is sufficiently in keeping. As for those which expressed the political prejudices of a young man who had too little knowledge to suspect his own ignorance, they have either been expunged, or altered, or such substitutions have been made for them as harmonise with the pervading spirit of the poem; and are, nevertheless, in accord with those opinions which the author has maintained for thirty years through good and evil report, in the maturity of his judgment as well as in the sincerity of his heart. I have thus acknowledged all the specific obligations to my elders or contemporaries in the art, of which I am distinctly conscious. The advantages arising from intimate intercourse with those who were engaged in similar pursuits cannot be in like manner specified, because in their nature they are imperceptible; but of such advantages no man has ever possessed more or greater, than at different times it has been my lot to enjoy. Personal attachment first, and family circumstances afterwards, connected me long and closely with Mr. Coleridge; and three-and-thirty years have ratified a friendship with Mr. Wordsworth which, we believe, will not terminate with this life, and which it is a pleasure for us to know will be continued and cherished as an heir-loom by those who are dearest to us

both. When I add what has been the greatest of all advantages, that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than men, constantly and unwearingly engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which, upon mature consideration, seemed best to myself, I have said every thing necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, whatever they may be. It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that wherewith a person in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his worldly affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that . . . utterance which, by the usages of this world, is permitted to us in poetry, and in poetry alone? Of the smaller pieces in this collection, there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection of the spots where many, not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer and more ambitious works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task thus to resuscitate the past! But, serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope."

This is written in the true spirit of a great poet—lofty, earnest; conscious, and yet modest. We promise ourselves great pleasure in going over the ballads, which Southey carries, we think, to perfection; and the magnificent oriental creations. The volume itself is elegant-looking, with a spirited portrait of the author, and an exquisite vignette.

Forget Me Not: a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, for 1838. Edited by Frederic Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 360. London, 1838. Ackermann and Co.

THIS is an old favourite with the public, and deservedly so, for it is always among the prettiest of its class. One poem has struck us so much this year that we give it entire.

"*The Rich and the Poor,* by Mary Howitt.
Go, child, and take them meat and drink,
And see that they be fed;
Alas! it is a cruel thing,
To lack of daily bread!
Then, come, that I may speak to thee
Of things severely true;
Love thou the poor, for Jesus Christ,
He was a poor man, too!
They told me, when I was a child,
I was of English birth;
They called a free-born Englishman
The noblest man on earth.
They bade me say my lisping prayers
Duly both night and morn;
And bless the Father of the world
That I was English born.

My home it was a stately place,
In England's history known;
And many an old renowned deed
Was graven on its stone.
I saw the high-born and the poor
Low bending, side by side,
And the meek bishop's holy hands
Diffuse his blessing wide.
And round and round the sacred pile,
My reverent fancy went,
Till God and good King George at once
Within my heart were bent.
Those were my years of innocence,
Of ignorance and mirth;
When my wild heart leapt up in joy
Of my pure English birth.
Oh, England, mother England!
Proud nurse of thriving men,
I've learnt to look with other eyes
On many things since then.
I've thus been taught: I saw a man,
An old man, bent and hoar,
And he broke flints upon the road
With labour long and sore.

The day it was a day in June;
The nightingales sang loud,
And with their load of snowy bloom
The hawthorn-trees were bowed.

The very highway side was bright
With flowers; the branches made
Of tenderest green, above my head,
A pleasant summer shade.

The earth, the air, the sunlit sky,
Of gladness they were full;
My heart rejoiced: when I heard
Laborious sounds and dull.

They were the old man's hammer-strokes
That fell upon the stone,
Stroke after stroke, with booted aim;
Yet kept he striving on.

I watched him: soach and chariot bright
Rolled past him in their speed;
Horsemen and peasants to the town;
And yet he took no heed.

Stroke after stroke, the hammer fell
Upon the selfsame stone;
A child had been as strong as he,
Yet he kept tolling on.

Before him lay a little heap
Of flints he had to break;
It wearied me but to conceive
What labour they would take.

I watched him still; and still he toiled
Upon the selfsame stone;
Nor ever raised his head to me,
But still kept working on.

"My friend," said I, "your task is hard,
And booted sees your labour;
The strokes you give go here and there;
A waste of power, good neighbour!"

Upon his tool he propped himself,
And turned on me his eye,
Yet did not raise, the while, his head,
Then slowly made reply.

"The parish metes out me my work;
Twelve pence my daily fee;
I'm weak, God knows, and I am old,
Four-score, my age, and three.

Five weeks I could not strike a stroke,
The parish helped me then;
Now I must pay them back the cost;
Hard times for aged men!

I have been palsied, agued, racked
With pain enough to do;
I cannot rise from fraud; and yet
I must keep working still;

For I've the parish loan to pay;

Yet I am weak and ill!"

Then, slowly lifting up his tool,
The minute-strokes went on;
I left him as I found him first,
At work upon that stone.

The nightingales sang loudly forth;
Joy through all nature ran;
But my very soul was sick to think
On this poor Englishman.

Again: it was the young spring-tide,
When natural hearts o'erflow
With love, to feel the genial air,
To see the wild flowers blow.

And near a mighty town I walked
In meadows green and fair;
And as I sauntered slowly on,
A little child came there.
A child she was of ten years old,
Yet with no mirth of men;
With sunken eye and thin pale face,
And body dry and lean.
Yet walked she on among the flowers,
For all her pallid hue;
And gathered them with eager hands,
As merry children do.
Poor child! the tears were in mine eyes,
Her thin, small hands to see,
Grasping the healthy flowers that looked
More full of life than she.
'You take delight in flowers,' I said,
And looked into her face;
'No wonder, they are beautiful;
Dwell you a-near this place?'
'No,' said the child, 'within the town
I live, but here I run,
Just for a flower at dinner-time;
And just to feel the sun.
For, oh, the factory is so hot,
And so doth daze may brain;
I just ran here to breathe the air,
And then run back again.
And now the fields are fresh and green,
I could not help but stay
To get for Tommy's garden-plot
These pretty flowers to-day.'
'And Tommy, who is he?' I asked.
'My brother,' she replied;
The factory wheels they broke his arms,
And sorely hurt his side.
He'll be a cripple all his days,
For him these flowers I got;
He has a garden in the yard,
The neighbours harm it not;
The drunken blacksmith strides across
Poor Tommy's garden-plot.'
As thus we talked, we neared the town,
When, like a heavy knell,
Was heard, amid the jarring sounds,
A distant factory-bell.
The child she made a sudden pause,
Like one who could not move;
Then threw poor Tommy's flowers away,
For fear had mastered love.
And with unnatural speed she ran
Down alleys dense and warm;
A frightened, toiling thing of care,
Into the toiling swarm:
Her scattered flowers lay in the street
To wither in the sun,
Or to be trod by passing feet;
They were of worth to none;
The factory-bell had cut down joy,
And still kept ringing on!
Proud was I when I was a child,
To be of English birth,
For surely thought the English were
The happiest race on earth.
That was the creed when I was young,
It is my creed no more;
For I know, wot's me, the difference now
Betwixt the rich and poor!'

There are some very spirited poems by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Among the prose stories, we would particularly mention Earl Warwick's "Seal Ring," by Miss Lawrence, and "Corralie," by H. F. Chorley. We regret that it is too long for quotation.

The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain. Edited by S. C. Hall. 8vo pp. 304. London, 1838. Saunders and Otley. MR. HALL has executed a difficult task with great industry and much good taste. The selections give generally an excellent idea of the poets, as far as fragments can do, still we miss one or two established favourites; for example, Lamb's old familiar faces. The following are specimens of how the biographies have been executed:

"Robert Pollock was born in 1799, at Esham, in Renfrewshire,—where his parents were occupied in agricultural pursuits. He gave early promise of the ability for which he was afterwards distinguished, and his friends determined to educate him for the church. He as, accordingly, entered at the University of Glasgow, where he applied himself with ardour

to the study of theology; but had scarcely commenced the exercise of his professional duties, when his health became so seriously impaired, that a visit to the south of Europe was recommended as the only means of preserving his life. In August 1827, he quitted Scotland, and proceeded to Southampton, with a view of embarking for Italy. His malady, however, continued to increase; and in the September of that year he died, at Shirley Common. His early death is to be lamented; for probably a wider intercourse with mankind would not only have matured his natural talents, but would have produced a healthier state of mind as well as body. 'Retired in voluntary loneliness,' he saw only that which is cheerless in nature, and depressing in religion—

To pleasure deaf,
And joys of common men, working his way
With mighty energy, not uninspired,
Through all the mines of thought; reckless of pain,
And weariness, and wasted health.'

Soon after the death of the writer, his poem, 'The Course of Time,' attracted very general attention. He had previously published two stories in prose, 'Ralph Gemmel,' a tale for youth, and 'The Persecuted Family,' a narrative of the sufferings of the Presbyterians, during the reign of Charles the Second. He was, however, beyond the influence of criticism, when his book became largely the subject of it. It has been highly lauded—we think too highly; and find it difficult to account for the popularity it has obtained. The poem is in blank verse; and is nearly as long as the 'Paradise Lost.' Its aspect is, therefore, uninviting; yet that it has been extensively read cannot be doubted,—several editions having from time to time appeared. If we may not describe the author as of a sickly mind, we perceive abundant proof that he was of a diseased constitution. He arrays religion in dark robes, and considers it unnecessary to portray her features as both gentle and beautiful. 'Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' The poet, however, exerts himself to shew how rugged he can render the one, and how gloomy he can make the other. His volume, from beginning to end, is an awful picture of wrath and vengeance; it contains little to cheer, and nothing to gladden; and would tempt the reader to imagine that man was created only to be tormented. Such is, unhappily, too much the mode with poets who occupy themselves with the treatment of sacred subjects. Instead of striving to direct and control, they labour either to subdue or crush the natural sensations and desires of man. They, therefore, clip the wings of their own fancy; and, if they soar, it is with the painful flutter of a wounded bird. Religious poetry is, for the most part, prejudicial to the cause it professes to advocate. It may influence the head; but it rarely touches the heart. Men are drawn from low thoughts and vicious habits, far less by fear than persuasion. If religion be in 'gorgon terrors clad,' and 'circled with a vengeful band,' the effect produced must be unnatural and transitory. The poets, therefore, who so introduce, never recommend it. Such a course is to be deprecated the more, because the very opposite is so accessible. The best auxiliaries to piety are abundant throughout nature; the themes that most readily present themselves to the poet are those which, by the surest and safest way, lead the heart to virtue,—and they are all graceful, and beautiful, and cheerful. There are, undoubtedly, many glorious exceptions to the rule we have ventured to lay down; but we believe they are not to be found among writers who have exclusively devoted them-

selves to the treatment of religion, in verse. Religion, therefore, is deprived of one of its most powerful and effective advocates. It is made most influential, indeed, by those who are indirectly its supporters—who describe natural objects, and excite love as well as veneration, by leading the mind through Nature up to Nature's God: 'the meanest flower that blows' has been made to teach a lesson; and he best instructs the reason, and directs the heart, who finds

"Good in every thing."

"Charles Dibdin, the son of a silversmith, at Southampton, was born in that town, in the year 1745. At an early age he ventured to try his fortune in the metropolis, where he at once set himself to compose songs and ballads; but was occupied chiefly in tuning piano-fortes. In 1762, he made his *début* as an actor at the Richmond theatre; and two years afterwards appeared on the London boards, as Ralph, in the 'Maid of the Mill.' He soon began to write for the stage; and, it is said, produced above one hundred dramas, of various degrees of merit. The 'Deserter,' brought out in 1772; the 'Waterman,' in 1774; and the 'Quaker,' in 1775, are still occasionally performed. Dibdin, however, did not like his profession; and took the earliest opportunity of quitting it. He opened a kind of theatre in Leicester Square, to which he gave the title of 'Sans Souci,' and had evening entertainments, at which he sang his own songs, and accompanied himself on the piano:—this simple design was amazingly successful. He is said to have written from time to time, during the period of the performances, above twelve hundred songs, to nearly all of which he composed the music. He died in indigent circumstances, in 1814. In 1803, a pension of £200. a-year was granted to Charles Dibdin: after enjoying it for three years, a new administration, in order to display the economical principles upon which it designed to manage Great Britain, thought proper to deprive the aged vocalist of this resource. Other branches of his family have displayed talents of no common order, and have, we believe, also had to encounter adversity. As yet, we have manifested no desire to repay any portion of the large debt which is owing to him from a nation. The country has been recently called upon to grant annuities to professors of literature, whose claims are not half so urgent, or so just. We may hope that some part of the debt to Charles Dibdin will yet be discharged. In estimating his merit as a nautical song writer, we should not confine it to the mere gratification derived by the sailors themselves from singing his songs: we find in the sentiments expressive of the character of seamen, so much kindness of feeling, and a total absence of selfishness and worldly wisdom, that has tended, in no small degree, to raise sailors in the esteem of the country, and to render the maritime profession popular. This consideration, during a period of protracted naval war, is essential, in order to arrive at a due estimate of the services conferred by Dibdin upon the state. A sound critic, Mr. Hogarth, states, that 'Dibdin had hardly received any musical education; and his attainments in that art were so small, that he had not skill enough to put a good accompaniment to his own airs. But he possessed a gift which no education or study can bestow—an inexhaustible vein of melody.' Among the hundreds of airs which he composed, it is wonderful to observe how few are bad, or even indifferent; and how free they are from sameness and repetition: and yet, with all this variety, there is no straining after novelty.

The airs flow so naturally, that they appear to have cost him no sort of effort. In their expression, too, they are not less various than in their phrases. Whether the poetry is tender, lively, or energetic, the music never fails to speak a corresponding language. If we try the poetry of Dibdin by a severe standard, it will undoubtedly be found wanting; but if it be a triumph of genius to achieve completely the object desired, we must allow a high station to the most popular song writer of the age. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that 'a nation's ballads' have greater influence on its people than 'a nation's laws'; and it may be safely asserted, that the co-operation of Charles Dibdin has been largely effective in giving truth to the line,

' Britannia rules the waves.'

His songs come home to the uneducated minds of seamen: they are simple in language, and homely in construction. Refined and embellished, their effect would be lost. That they have had a prodigious—almost a universal—influence over our mariners, is certain: it has been as salutary as it is powerful. They teach that while courage is a noble quality, it is elevated into a virtue when exerted for our country; and that something more than brute force is necessary to make a good sailor. They not only inculcate bravery in battle, but patience under less exciting perils; and describe discipline and subordination as leading duties. They have been quoted with effect to suppress mutiny; they have, indeed, contributed largely to strengthen the great bulwarks of Britain—her 'wooden walls'—to raise the character of her best defender—'the British tar'—and to establish that which is a substance, and not a sound—'British glory!'

Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born in Hans Place, London. She is of the old Herefordshire family, of Tedstone-Delamere. Her father was, originally, intended for the navy, and sailed his first voyage as a midshipman, with his relative, Admiral Bowyer: he afterwards became a partner with Mr. Adair, the well-known army agent, but died while his daughter was very young. Her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Landon, is head of Worcester college, and Dean of Exeter. As we have heard her say, she cannot remember the time when composition, in some shape or other, was not a habit. She used in her earliest childhood to invent long stories, and repeat them to her brother; these soon took a metrical form, and she frequently walked about the grounds of Trevor Park, and lay awake half the night, reciting her verses aloud. The realities of life began with her at a very early period. Her father's altered circumstances induced her to direct her mind to publication: and some of her poems were transmitted to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, the first and the most constant of all her literary friends. He could scarcely believe they were written by the child who was introduced to him. 'The Improvisatrice' soon afterwards appeared, and obtained for her that reputation to which every succeeding year has largely contributed. In person Miss Landon is small, and delicately framed; her form is exquisitely moulded; and her countenance is so full of expression, that, although her features are by no means regular, she must be considered handsome. Her conversation is brilliant, and abounds in wit. Like most persons of genius, her spirits are either too high or too low: and those who have seen her only during her moments of joyousness, imagine that the sadness which too generally pervades her writings, is all unreal:

' Blame not her mirth, who was sad yesterday,
And may be sad to-morrow.'

One of her prose tales records the history of her childhood. It is but a gloomy one—and she treats it as the shadow of her after life. In a communication before us, she says, 'I write poetry with far more ease than I do prose, and with far greater rapidity. In prose, I often stop and hesitate for a word; in poetry, never. Poetry always carries me out of myself; I forget every thing in the world but the subject which has interested my imagination. It is the most subtle and insinuating of pleasures: but, like all pleasures, it is dearly bought. It is always succeeded by extreme depression of spirits, and an overpowering sense of bodily fatigue. Mine has been a successful career: and I hope I am earnestly grateful for the encouragement I have received, and the friends I have made,—but my life has convinced me that a public career must be a painful one to a woman. The envy and the notoriety carry with them a bitterness which predominates over the praise.' It has, perhaps, been her lot to encounter those best of friends—enemies—on her path through an eventful life; but she has the affection, as well as the admiration, of many; and her own generous and ardent zeal in forwarding the interests of those she regards, has not always been met with indifference or ingratitude. Miss Landon has been nearly all her life a resident in London. Her poetry, therefore, dwells more upon human passions, desires, and enjoyments—the themes and persons that history has rendered sacred—the glorious chivalry of gone-by ages, and the ruins of nations,—than upon the gentler topics, objects, and characters which those who live in the country, cherish, venerate, and love. It is to be lamented, that her intimacy with nature has been so limited and constrained, and that the scope of her genius has been therefore narrowed. The sources of her fame have, however, been numerous and productive; and her poems have obtained a popularity scarcely second to that of any British writer. She not only obtained a reputation—she has sustained it; it is acknowledged and appreciated wherever the English language is understood. When she quitted the less substantial topics in which her early youth delighted, for themes more worthy of the muse, she proved the strength of her mind, as well as the richness of her fancy; and her latter productions are unquestionably her best. The extent of her labour is absolutely startling. A large proportion of her poems remain scattered through various periodical works: we believe, if collected, they would form a greater number of volumes than those already published; and her writings in prose are records of her industry, no less than of her genius.'

It is obvious that kindness, rather than criticism, must be the prevailing spirit of these memoirs. Our own literary views are totally different, on many points; but it is giving Mr. Hall the highest credit when we say that he has executed his task in the best possible feeling. As a whole, *The Book of Gems* is a delightful volume.

Flowers of Loveliness for 1838. Twelve Groups of Female Figures, emblematic of Flowers: designed by various Artists: with Poetical Illustrations, by L. E. L. London, 1838. Ackermann and Co.

THESE pretty and fanciful subjects have called forth all that is most fanciful and pretty in Miss Landon's style. Some of the poems are among the best that we have seen—so musical

and so touching. We give, first, the dedication to our young queen, which is a very triumph of poetical ingenuity.

" To Victoria,

Violet, grace of the vernal year!
Offer'd be thou to that spring-like reign!
Is not thy tint to that lady dear,
Whose banner of blue is the lord of the main?

Ivy twine of changeless green,
Constant for ever in leaf and bough:
So may the heart of our maiden queen
Be always verdant and fresh as now.

Carnation, laced with many a streak
Of blooming red on its leaflets bright,
May be a type of her mantling cheek,
Blent with a brow of pearly white.

Tammy, though humble an herb it be,
Look not upon it with scornful eye;
On virtue, that lurks in low degree,
A glance should find kind from those on high.

O live, thy branch, dove-borne o'er the foam,
Was a sign for the surges of death to cease;
So, from the lips of our dove should come
The soft but the sure command of peace.

Roses of England, ceasing from fight,
Twine round her brow in whose veins are met
The princely blood those roses unite
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet.

Iris, to thee the maid of the bow,
That promises hope, her name has given;
Join, then, the wreath at her feet we throw,
Who beams as a symbol of hope from heaven.

A nemone, flower of the wind! is in the last
We cult,—and our garland is now complete:
Gente the current, and soft be the blast,
Which Victoria, the queen of the ocean, shall meet!"

" The Poppy.

Pale are her enchanted slumbers;
Pale is she with many dreams;
That white brow the turban cumbers;
Wan, yet feverish she seems.
Not the fountain's silvery flowing
Lulls that haunted sleep;
Round her are wild visions growing,
Such as wake and weep.

Drugg'd is that impassioned sleeping,
Sleep that is like life;
By the quiet pillow keeping
Hope, and fear, and strife.
Fast the fatal flower has bound her
In its heavy spell;
Strange wild phantasms surround her,
But she knows them well.

First, there comes an hour Elysian,
Would it might remain!
Bringing back Love's early vision,
But without its pain.
Soft the myrtles of the wild wood,
Round her path-way part;
Happy, like a guileless childhood,
With a woman's heart.

But a deeper shadow closes
On those lovely hours,
And the opening sky discloses
Old ancestral towers:
There they stand—white, stately, solemn;
While she looks, they fall;
Round her lies the broken column,
And the ruined wall.

Then, amid a forest lonely
Does she seem to stray;
One huge serpent, and one only,
Seems to mark her way.
Then begins her hour of terror:
Strange shapes know their time—
Struggling with some nameless error,
With some unknown crime.

Phantoms crowd around, repeating
Words that are of death;
Loud her startled heart is beating,
Louder than her breath,
But a rosy lip has kissed her,
With that kiss she wakes;
Pale she gazes on the sister,
Who her slumber breaks.

Mighty must have been the sorrow,
Passionate the grief,
Which can thus a solace borrow,
From that haunted leaf.
Scarcely does the broken-hearted
Draw a living breath;
Better it were quite departed,
Than this life in death."

" The Water-Lily.

Not 'mid the soil and the shadow of earth,
Have we our home, or take we our birth;
Keep ye your valleys that breathe of the rose,
Where beneath the myrtle we rock not of those,

*Low in the waters our palace we make,
Where sweepeth the river, or spreadeth the lake;
And the willow, that bends with its green hair above,
Like a lady in grief, is the tree that we love.*

*At noon-tide we sleep to the music of shells,
That we bring from the depths of the sea to our cells;
Our cells that are roofed with the crystal, whose light
Is like the young moon's, on her first summer night.*

*Strange plants are around us, whose delicate leaves
No hue from the sunshine or moonlight receives ;
Yet, rich are the colours, as those that are given
When the first hours of April are azure in heaven.
There branches the coral, as red as the lip
Of the earliest rose that the honey-bees sip ;
And above are encrustèd a myriad of spars,
With the hues of the rainbow, the light of the stars.
Our streams are like mirrors, reflecting the ranks
Of the wild flowers that blossom and bend on our banks ;
We give back their beauty—the face is as fair
Of the rose in the wave, as it is on the air.*

*But the flower that we choose in our tresses to bind,—
How long are those tresses when flung on the wind !—
Is the lily, that floats on the shadowy tide,
With a white cup that treasures its gold-dust inside.*

*The pearls that lie under the ocean are white,
Like a bride's sunny weeping, whose tears are half-light,
And pure as the fall of the snow's early showers ;
But they are not more fair nor more pure than these
flowers.*

*We float down the wave when the waters are red
With the blushes that morning around her hath shed ;
And we wring from our long hair the damps of the night,
The dew-drops that shine on the grass are less bright.
But alone, in the night, with the planets above,
Or on every moon, is the hour that we love,
Cold, pale is the light, and it suits with our doom,
For our heart has no warmth, and our cheek has no
blush.*

*The night wind then bears our sad singing along :
Ah ! wo unto him who shall listen the song !
There is love in the music that floats on the air ;
But the mortal who seeks us, sees death and despair.*

The volume itself is a very handsome one. The rich scarlet binding is enough to warm a room without a fire, and to warm it in the prettiest possible manner.

The Picturesque Annual for 1838. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. From Drawings by D. M'Clise, Esq. A.R.A. and T. Creswick, Esq. 8vo. pp. 264. London, 1837. Longman and Co. *Tan Picturesque Annual!* what a misnomer ! Why, it is a treatise on political economy ! Page after page is given to workhouses, poor-laws, and all that we daily see in the "Morning Chronicle." Still there is much of truth and good feeling, throughout, of character in such a work. We shall give a few extracts of a more miscellaneous kind.

Dreadful Fate of a Revenue Officer.— "The establishment of the water-guard here, as elsewhere, was attended by one mistake, which, especially on a coast like this, diminished much of its efficiency. Instead of employing men who knew the coast, utter strangers were sent from England ; and, for some time, smuggling went on as before. Lieutenant Leeds, however, the first chief of the guard, was a desperate fellow. He boarded smugglers of the largest class, and used his fire-arms freely. His fate was deeply tragic. One day, a fine American vessel, either not aware of the new coast police, or presuming upon its own giant strength, stood boldly into the bay, and fired two guns, either in warning or defiance. Leeds would not be warned, and determined not to be defied with impunity. He got a small smack manned her with eleven stout fellows, armed with muskets, pistols, and cutlasses, and stood boldly out to sea. The twelfth man belonging to his force was too late to get on board; he had waited for a moment to dig a few potatoes for his wife, before embarking on the perilous enterprise; and, although the boat had only just left the quay when he reached the spot, Leeds swore that he should not be taken on board; but that, the moment he returned, he would have him broken. My informant heard the orders given by the lieutenant to his men,

which were, that they were to lie flat on the deck till they reached their prize, and then fire a volley, and board in the smoke. Onward bounded the adventurous smack, and in glided the haughty American to meet her. No strife, no struggling, no firing, told of the collision. The smack disappeared from the face of the waters, under her enemy's keel, and the smuggler continued her course into the bay, stately, and alone. Only one man rose : he was the owner of the smack, whom Leeds had tempted, with a large sum, to lend his vessel and his personal assistance. He succeeded in climbing up the chains, but his brains were immediately dashed out with a handspike. This victim's hat was found some time after on the opposite coast of Scotland, with his name inscribed in it.

Cholera at Sligo.—The Asiatic pestilence which raged same years ago in Europe, under the name of cholera, threatened to depopulate Sligo ; and the precautions which it became necessary to observe by the surrounding country, almost deprived the inhabitants of every gleam of hope. A line was drawn round the devoted town, beyond which there was no escape ; and those who attempted to fly were driven back, as if into a grave. Nothing was heard in the streets but sounds of lamentation and despair. Even the phenomena of external nature served for omens and predictions of evil. Some flashes of lightning had heralded the approach of the angel of the pestilence ; but during his sojourn, a heavy cloud brooded over the town. Not a ray of sunshine was visible by day, and not a star by night. At this juncture, men naturally reverted to those feelings of religion which were before dimmed or deadened by the seductions of the world ; and every hour of every day they found the refuge open for their admission, and the servants of the sanctuary at their post. Catholic, Protestant, Dissenter—were all alike the ministers of God. On this great day of judgment, there was not one priest of any denomination who shrank from his perilous duty. Wherever their presence was required, there they took their stand ; at the foot of the altar—at the bed of the dying—by the side of the new-made grave. Every heart confessed that death was not the master, but the agent of the dispensation ; for, rising high above the sound of his footsteps, as he passed through the houses, came a voice from the many-ported temple of the Lord Jesus Christ, proclaiming, "Come to me, and I will give you life ! During the period of this visitation, only one clergyman—a Baptist minister—lost his life ; while the physicians of the body were nearly all swept off. Besides these two classes, the authorities of the town did their duty well and bravely. Mr. Fausset, the provost, rode in every morning from the security of his country-house, with as great regularity as if all had been well, to visit the hospitals, bury the dead, preserve order in the street, and take his seat as president of the board of health. In spite of his unrelaxing labours, he, one morning, on reaching the town, saw the ground of the fever hospital covered with unburiéd corpses ; and then, as he expressed it to me himself, he felt as if the end of the world were indeed come.

The board of health consisted at first of twelve members, who were rapidly diminished to seven. Nearly their whole duty, at last, was to grant coffins and tarred sheets for the dead bodies, and to see that the stock of those materials was kept up. One day, two poor little boys came to beg a coffin for their mother, and the provost, struck by their forlorn appearance, asked why their father had not come, who

would have been better able to carry it. "We buried our father yesterday," was the reply."

Cause of Lord Mulgrave's Popularity.—The agitator, in private life, is said to be a good, liberal, hospitable man. Politics are banished from his table, where men of all parties are received with the same cordial warmth : notwithstanding this, he has more personal enemies than any other man in Ireland ; a circumstance which appears to me to imply a great want of tact which should distinguish a political leader. Lord Mulgrave, on the other hand, although detested by certain party-men for his politics, is rarely passed over, even by them, without a good word. A friend of mine, whose politics ran so high that he declined being instrumental in giving the viceroy a public dinner, would cheerfully have bestowed three hundred and sixty-five dinners in the year upon Lord Mulgrave. The reason, no doubt, was, that his lordship, instead of boring the worthy provost with unwelcome topics, walked through the town with him, commenting on the numbers of pretty girls they passed. There is no doubt on my mind, that Lord Mulgrave is the best fitted for his post of all the men who ever held it."

We will, on no account, weaken the impression of his lordship's political gallantry, by any remarks of our own.

Findens' Tableaux. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. Imperial 4to. pp. 56. London, 1837. Tilt.

We cannot speak highly of the literary contents of this volume ; they are of a very low order. Miss Mitford does not seem at home in such very fine society : she lacks the spirit and freshness of her own green lanes. Incomparably the best poem in the work is by an anonymous writer, with the initials E. B. B. We think that we have before seen them affixed to two exquisite ballads in the "New Monthly." We must give ourselves the pleasure of quoting it :—

"India, a Romance of the Ganges.
They stand beneath the midnight,
Beside the river-sea,
Whose water sweepeth white around
The shadow of the tree.
The moon and earth are face to face,
And earth is tranced deep ;
The wave-voice seems the voice of dreams
That wander through her sleep.
The river floweth on.

What bring they 'neath the midnight,
Beside the river-sea ?
They bring that human heart, wherein
Noightly calm can be—
That droppeth never with the wind,
Nor drieth with the dew—
Oh, calm it, God ! Thy calm is broad
To cover spirits, too.

The river floweth on.

The maidens lean them over
The waters, side by side,
And shun each other's deepening eyes,
And gaze adown the tide :
And each within a little boat
A little flame hath lit ;
If bright it move, the loved doth love,—
And love doth fall with it—

The river floweth on.

The stars are strong above us,
To symbolize the soul ;
Whereby a tempest-wind may rush,
Nor dim them as they roll.
And yet the soul, by instinct sad,
Doth stoop to symbol low—
To that small flame, whose very name,
Breath'd o'er it, shakes it so.

The river floweth on.

Go, little boats, go softly,
And guard the symbol spark !
The little boats go soft and safe
Across the waters dark.
And Lutti's eyes have caught the fire
They watch ; and unaware,
That blessed while, she lets a smile
Creep silent through her prayers !

The river floweth on.

The smile—where hath it wandered?
She riseth from her knee;
She holds her dark, wet locks away—
There is no light to see!
She cries a quick and bitter cry—
‘Nuleen! launch me thine!
We must have light abroad to-night,
For all the wreck of mine!’

The river floweth on.

I do remember watching
A-near this river-bed,
When on my childish knee was laid
My dying father’s head.*
I turned mine, to keep the tears
From falling on his face—
What doth it prove, when death and love
Choose out the selfsame place?

The river floweth on.

They say the dead are blessed,
The death-change here receiving.
Who say—ah, me!—do any say
Where blessed are the living?
Thy boat, Nuleen!—look not sad—
Light up the waters rather!
I weep no faithless lover where
I wept a loving father!

The river floweth on.

My thought was of his falsehood,
Ere my flame had waxed dim!
And though I closed mine eyes to dream
That one last dream of him,
They shall not now be wot to see
The shining vision go.
From earth’s cold love, I look above
To the holy house of snow.*†

The river floweth on.

Come thou!—thou never knewest
A grief, that thou shouldest fear it—
Thou wastest still the happy look
That feels another’s near it!
Thy humming-bird is in the sun;‡
Thy cuckoo in the grove;
And all the three broad words, for thee,
Are full of wandering love.*

The river floweth on.

The little maiden cometh—
She cometh shy and slow,
I ween she seeth thro’ her lids,
They drop a-down so low!
Her tresses near her ears!‡ Feet bare—
She stands, and specketh night,
Yet blushes red, as if she said,
The name she only thought.

The river floweth on.

She kneeled by the water—
She lighted up the flame—
And o'er thy youthful forehead calm
The trembling radiance came.
Go, little boat; go, soft and safe,
And guard the symbol spark!
Soft, soft, doth float the little boat
Across the waters dark.

The river floweth on.

Glad tears her eyes have blinded—
The light they cannot reach—
She turneth with that sudden smile
She learnt before her speech.
I do not hear his voice; the tears
Have dimmed my light away;
But the symbol light will last to-night—
The love will last for aye.

The river floweth on.

Then Luti spake behind her—
Out, spake she bitterly;
By the symbol light that lasts to-night,
Wilt vow a vow to me?‡
She gazeth upward in her face;
Soft answer maketh she:
By loves that last when lights are past,
I vow that vow to thee.’

The river floweth on.

An earthly look had Luti.
Though her voice was deep as prayer.
The rice is gathered from the plains,
To cast upon thine hair.
And when he comes, his marriage-band
Around thy neck to throw;
Toward his gaze thy bride-smile raise,
And ask of Luti’s wo!‡

The river floweth on.

* “The Hindoos carry their dying friends to the banks of the Ganges, believing in the after-blessedness of those who die there.”

† “The Hindoo heaven is localised on the summit of Mount Meru—one of the mountains of Himalaya, or Himmaleh, which signifies, I believe, in Sanscrit, the abode of snow, winter, or coldness.”

‡ “Hamadeva, the Indian god of love, is imagined to wander through the three worlds, accompanied by the hummeing-bird, cuckoo, and gentle breezes.”

† “The casting of rice upon the head, and the fixing of the band or tall about the neck, are parts of the Hindoo marriage ceremonial.”

And when, in seasons after,
Thy young bright-faced son
Shall lean against thy knee, and ask
What deeds his sire hath done;
Press deep adown thy mother-smile
Upon his ringlets long—
View deep his pretty childish eyes—
And tell of—Luti’s wrong!

The river floweth on.

She looked up in wonder,
Yet softly answered she—
‘By love that last when lights are past,
I vowed that vow to thee!
By what glads it thee, that a bride-day be
By a woman so defiled?
That word of woe take the cradle song
From the ear of a sinless child?’

‘Why?’ Luti said, and her laugh was dread—
Her laugh was low and wild—

That the fair new love may the bridegroom prove,
And the father shame the child!’

The river floweth on.

Thou flowest still, O river!
Thou flowest ‘neath the moon—
Thy lily hath not changed a leaf,*
Thy charmed lute a tune!
He mixed his voice with thine—and his
Was all I heard around!
But now, beside his chosen bride,
I hear the river’s sound!

The river floweth on.

I gaze upon her beauty,
I feel her happy breathing:
The light above thy wave is hers;
And mine, the rest beneath them.
Oh! give me back the dying look
My father gave thy water!
Give back! and let a little love
O’erwatch his weary daughter!’

The river floweth on.

Give back! she hath departed—
The word is wandering with her,
And the stricken maidens hear afar
The step and cry together.
O symbols! none are frail now
For mortal joys to borrow!
While bright doth float Nuleen’s boat,
She weepeth, dark with sorrow!

The river floweth on.

The external appearance of the volume is most elegant.

Pascal Bruno; a Sicilian Story. Edited by Theodore Hook, Esq. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

Now, what does this mean? Edited by Theodore Hook! We scarcely suppose Mr. Hook would be at the drudgery of a translation, not over well done; he does not even imply that he has. For what purpose, then, is his name given? Why, for that most important of all, figuring in an advertisement. It is just a piece of trickery and puffery, to which we wonder that he should lend himself. It is a complete specimen of the art of book-making. There is just material enough for an excellent periodical article, which it originally was; but large type, and Mr. Hook’s name, make a volume. *Pascal Bruno* is a translation of part of M. Alexander Dumas’s “Impressions des Voyages,” which first appeared in the “Revue des deux Mondes.” It is a clever bandit story, told with an animation and a reality, which especially characterises M. Dumas’s style. We give *Pascal Bruno*’s first appearance on the stage in the character of bandit. It is the wedding of the girl once betrothed to himself.

“As soon as the dessert was put down, and when the nuptial festivity was at its height, the doors of the palace were thrown open, and Gemma, leaning on the prince’s arm, preceded by servants bearing torches, and followed by their suite, descended the steps of the terrace, and proceeded to the banquet. The country-people were rising from their seats, when the prince motioned to them not to disturb themselves, and, with Gemma still leaning on his arm, his excellency began a tour round the tables, and concluded the ‘progress,’ by stopping before the newly married couple. A servant

* “The Ganges is represented as a white woman, with a water-lily in her right hand, and in her left, a lute.”

took a golden cup to Gaetano, who, filling it with wine, presented it to Gemma. The beautiful countess, wishing the bride and bridegroom joy, touched the brim with her ruby lips, and handed the cup to the prince, who drank off its contents, and threw into it a purse of gold, which was carried to Teresa, as her wedding present. Shouts instantly arose of ‘Long live the Prince of Carini!’ ‘Long live the Countess of Castel-Nuovo!’ The esplanade was at this moment suddenly illuminated, as if by magic, in the midst of which the illustrious visitors withdrew, leaving behind them the light and joy of some bright vision, which had too quickly faded. These noble personages had scarcely entered the castle, with their attendants, before music was heard: the young folks left the tables, and hurried to the place allotted for dancing. Gaetano, according to the established Sicilian custom in such matters, prepared to open the ball with the interesting Teresa, whose beauty and grace of manner had been the subject of general admiration throughout the day. He approached her with the finished air of third-rate gracefulness—a sort of lively caricature of the best Sicilian cavaliers, and, in the highest possible spirits, solicited the honour of her hand. At that moment, a stranger presented himself on the esplanade, and stood in the midst of the company gazing upon the scene. The looks of the whole assembly were turned towards the new comer, who was dressed in the Calabrian costume, wearing pistols and a dagger in his belt; his jacket slung over one shoulder, like a hussar’s pelisse, left open to view his other sleeve stained with blood. Teresa saw him—she gazed on him for a moment—uttered a faint cry, and remained pale and motionless, as if she had seen a spectre. It was Pascal Bruno. Every eye was fixed on the uninvited guest; a dead and awful silence reigned. Every one present felt assured of the approach of some terrible catastrophe. Pascal, apparently unmoved by the sensation he had created, walked directly up to Teresa, and, standing before her, folded his arms, and fixed his piercing eyes on her pale countenance. ‘Pascal, can it be you?’ ‘Yes, Teresa’ said Bruno, in a deep hollow voice, ‘it is I. I heard at Bauso, where I patiently and confidently waited your return, that you were to be married at Carini; so I came hither, and I hope am in time to dance the first tarantella with you.’ ‘I beg your pardon, sir,’ said Gaetano, coming up to him with a mingled air of anger and of gaiety, ‘that is the bridegroom’s right.’ ‘It is the right of the affianced one,’ said Pascal. ‘Come, my beloved Teresa, this is the least you can do for me after all I have suffered for you.’ ‘Teresa is my wife,’ said Gaetano, stretching forth his arm toward him. ‘Teresa is my betrothed,’ said Pascal, taking her hand. ‘Help! oh, help!’ said the wretched girl. The appeal was irresistible—the effect instantaneous. Gaetano seized Bruno by the collar—they struggled for a moment—that was all: in another instant Gaetano uttered a piercing cry, and fell dead at his feet. Pascal’s dagger was buried to the hilt in his breast. Some of the men who were nearest him, on the instant, rushed towards the murderer to secure him. Bruno stood unmoved, and, drawing one of his pistols from his belt, waved it over his head as a signal to the musicians, to strike up the Tarantella. They obeyed, as it were, mechanically. The rest of the company, paralysed by the suddenness and fearfulness of what had happened, remained motionless. ‘Come, Teresa, come, come, let us begin,’ said Pascal. Teresa

was no longer in possession of her faculties, she had become a creature demented by fear. She unconsciously yielded to his guidance, and this horrible dance, close to the corpse of the inoffensive murdered young man, was continued by the musicians to the last strain. Incredible as it may appear, no one stirred—no one spoke—it was something too terrific—something so unnaturally horrid, that nature itself seemed palsied. The moment the music ceased, as if it had been all that had excited and sustained her, the wretched Teresa fell fainting on the body of Gaetano. ‘Thanks, Teresa,’ said Pascal, ‘that is all I wanted; and now, if any man wishes to know me here, that he may find me elsewhere, I am Pascal Bruno.’”

Horrors enough, and there are more behind, to make the fortune of a dozen melo-dramas.

The Taunus; or, Doings and Undoings; being a Tour in search of the Picturesque, Romantic, &c. of the Taunus and the Donnersberg. By Charles V. Incledon. 8vo. pp. 636. Mentz, 1837. Kirchheim and Co.; London, Black and Armstrong.

THIS is a strange rig-ma-role volume, neither German nor English in substance or style; neither prose nor poetry; but an odd compound of descriptions, antiquities, legends, and observations, altogether so eccentric, that the reader must be endowed with a large share of patience to be able to get through many of its pages. Never was the dukedom of Nassau so be-written about; its springs so be-praised; its scenery so be-paradised. But let us hear the author himself.

“An ardent love of nature first induced the wish to trace its beauties in this highly favoured land; historic records, pointing to the path victorious Drusus trod, or to the spot where valiant Hermann bled, propelled my willing steps; while loved romance (the very offspring of the soil) presented treasures to my view in saws and legends fairer than ever poet told or minstrel sung, to strew the path I wished to tread. Having to gain these different objects, made a pilgrimage exceeding a thousand miles, and thereby gratified my own desire, a question somehow or other arose, whether I should or should not make the result of my observations known to the public, for their amusement or information.” * * * Led by an amalgamation of feelings, gentle reader, long time I argued with the dread of failure, the frost of disappointment, the world’s rude censure, and the blight of my ambition, whether to give mankind the benefit or not of what experience had given me. ‘Shall I do it?’ said Vanity and Interest: ‘Shall I leave it undone?’ said Diffidence and Fear. ‘To do it or not to do it, that is the question?’ said Prudence; but long before the argument was brought to any close, the pros and cons had furnished me with a fair title to my work, and ‘Doings and Undoings’ was resolved upon.”

As a sample of the work itself, we copy the following:—

“The celebrated plane-tree of Frauenstein stands at no great distance from the church, and, with its spreading branches, now supported by a framework of timber, occupies a considerable space. Beneath this gigantic tree, the growth of centuries, the good old folks of Frauenstein enjoy a shelter from the mid-day sun, while, midst its branches, each adventurous youth essaya his skill, and braves his comrade to some act of daring which himself performs. In the modern literature of England no species of composition, perhaps, so completely unites classic beauty with authentic information, as

those biographical and rhetorical essays denominated ‘The last Dying Speech and Confession,’ &c. which not unfrequently record the said oration, and recount the circumstances attending the last moments of the culprit, long before the first is delivered and the latter completed, having, to save time, been printed the night previous, that the curious in such matters might possess genuine information on the subject. Unfortunately, I could obtain no such authentic account of the ‘birth, parentage,’ &c. of the tree in question; but such as I could collect I give to my readers. ‘In blood was the plane-tree planted,’ was the reply of a peasant to a silver-headed sage, who, leaning on his staff, stood a moment to contemplate it. The wanderer’s cheek was pale as death as, in reply to his question, ‘How in blood?’ he learned that a cruel noble had, on the spot where grew the tree, slain the lover of his daughter; and that the maiden, before retiring to a convent to weep away her residue of life, had planted the tree, and left a small estate in the possession of a faithful domestic, that for the revenue of the same he should water and cherish the tree. It is told that, in the garden of the convent to which the fair Adelbertha retired, she planted, too, a plane-tree, beneath whose branches she wept away her miserable life: it is added, long was her pilgrimage of wo:—ladies loved more fervently in those golden days of constancy than now. So planted, it was matter of wonder to all, that the tree of Frauenstein should so flourish; yet wide it spread its branches over the soil, a fair and goodly tree, nor ever drooped its lovely head, save

when the thoughtless robbed it of a branch, or wounded its venerable trunk; then from the lacerated member issued forth some drops of blood, and, as the aspen tremble in the gale, each leaf was seen to vibrate beneath the pain; but what, added my informant, is the most singular part of the business, is, that although the convent, rendered celebrated by the constancy of the lovely maid, was more than a hundred miles distant from this place, yet never bled the plane of Frauenstein but sure, by sympathy, the tree of St. Zepherina wept its tears of blood. They add, so profound was the grief of the latter tree at the death of the sorrowing nun, and so profuse the loss too of its vital fluid, that, in the same night it died away, and from its trunk they formed the narrow home of Adelbertha. The profane have felt disposed to doubt this fact; but, be it true or false, the tale affected him to whom it was related much, and, wiping from his eye a starting tear, the stranger left the spot, passed through the village, and, not till after a walk of two or three hours, and as day was drawing to a close, recovered from the deep dejection which the recital had produced. Pursuing his almost wayless path, as the shades of evening were fast drawing a mantle o’er the landscape, he met a lovely boy of about eight years of age, and inquired of him the road to the nearest house of refreshment, and where he could rest his weary limbs till morning’s sun should summon him again to toil. Music was in each tone and accent of the child, as he replied, ‘There is here no inn; but if you’ll share our frugal meal, my bed I’ll willingly resign to one so old and feeble, and watch with pleasure by your couch, for you are ill, I am sure you are.’”

So much for the grotesque sentimentality: here is a fragment of plainer narrative.

“Shortly before arriving at Mentz, I was much surprised, and not a little alarmed, by the temerity of a youth who was swimming near the vessel, who, as it approached him,

dived immediately under the paddle, and made his reappearance at some considerable distance, in the rear of the steamer. A similar exploit is frequently performed by the expert swimmers here, who dive, one after the other, beneath the wheels of the mills in the Rhine, of which there are seventeen stretching far out in a line across a considerable part of the stream, close by the bridge of boats.”

As Mentz has lately flourished with a fete interesting to literature, it may, perhaps, amuse the reader to see how Mr. Incledon describes the origin of that city.

“When, long after the destruction of the world by the flood, the grandchildren of Noah dispersed through the different countries to people the earth, Magog, the second son of Japhet, took his direction northward. I should not have thought it necessary, so long after the decease of my hero, to expatiate at all upon his personal charms; but as custom has established the right, on the fairer part of the reading community, to be made acquainted with such matters, I shall briefly state, that, from such sources of information as are at present attainable, I find my hero was of majestic growth (some few feet taller than the degenerate present race), of carriage noble, and of unrivaled symmetry; fair, with blue eyes, aquiline nose, and long and flowing hair, which reached half down his manly form. A leopard skin, in graceful folds (they were more skilful furriers than now), fell from his shoulders, over his person to his knees; his legs and arms were bare. With no other weapon than a knotty staff; no companion, except two favourite dogs, two stags, and two roebucks, he departed from the home of his infancy, and wandered forth, to seek, in far and unknown climes, his future resting place. Thrice had the sun in splendour gone to rest; thrice, in his evening prayer, had the beloved of Ararat (whose mountain tops had vanished from his sight) been subjects of his benediction, when Magog’s heart began to sorrow for the joys he had left behind. On all around the might and majesty of the dread judge was seen; for every where the vestige of destruction marked the vengeance of the Lord—the remnants of the flood. No human being yet had cheered the wanderer’s sight. In this depopulated land he thought that he already felt the punishment of his rash oath; the quarrel with his brothers Maida and Jubal stung him to the quick; and, as he turned a sorrowing glance towards the green fields of his forsaken home, he ejaculated,

‘The angry vow, in haste and passion made,
Is kept in sorrow, in remorse obeyed.’

With what pleasure would he have returned to the charge of the vine and olive-trees planted by his grandfather, could he have retraced his steps; that was impossible, and, with a heavy heart, he journeyed on. Marshes, rivers, rocks, and mountains, opposed the passage of the exile. Over silvery lakes, over gliding streams, over mighty floods, his sinewy stags transported him. Each herb, each berry, was essayed to nourish life; the mountain crag, or dismal cavern, was at night the outcast’s home; the northern blast, as further in the land he toiled, his thin-clad limbs with ague shook: he thought on Ararat, and sighed,—thought on his oath, never to return, and wept. He had wandered already nearly 300 days, when he arrived at a plot of high ground, over which the waters of the flood seemed not to have spent their fury. He felt convinced, too, of this fact, when a huge bear approached, the dimensions of whose frame most clearly proved it must have lived before the flood. Growling aloud, it neared, as if dis-

posed to seize him as its prey. With his strong arm, the grandson of great Noah felled the dread monster to his feet. From nipping cold its skin soon shielded Magog's form, and taught him that, even in the wilderness, the all-seeing eye of God perceives, and his beneficent hand protects and provides for his creatures. Animals, of every kind and species, now darted over his path ; all nature seemed more smiling, more inviting ; and, ere many days, he reached a spot where fruit and flowering trees, where corn and lovely shrubs, proclaimed the near abode of man. Huts in the distance, too, he spied ; and, as his glaring eye-ball, strained to attain the anxiously desired object, at length, overjoyed, beheld a human being, the grateful man fell prostrate to the earth. Here, with uplifted hands towards heaven, and with a heart overflowing with delight and gratitude, he hid his fast-falling tears on the bosom of the earth, and poured forth his thanks in praise and adoration. Soon as the now delighted Magog rose from the earth, he was instantly perceived, and a lovely maiden, attended by an old man, whose silver beard reached to his middle, approached him. The pair surveyed him with surprise, but neared with confidence, and, taking his hand, the sage now led him towards the colony. Instantly he was surrounded by a group of the inhabitants, who, on some words uttered by the old man, seated themselves. He then held an address to the assembled people, which seemed to Magog to be a recommendation to them to receive with kindness the stranger ; and then, addressing himself to the wanderer, evidently, by his gesticulation, bade him welcome. They then conducted him to a cottage, which was that of the ancient of the community. Here, after a meal of fruits and viands, a bed of leaves was prepared for him, and he retired for a refreshing repose. On the third day of his arrival, the people congregated with great shouts and clapping of hands, and with singing and other indications of rejoicing, at the cottage of the sage. Led by him, Magog ascended a hill at the back of his hut, where, decked with garlands of wild flowers, stood a rude altar, and near to it a still far ruder figure. A fire was soon kindled on the altar, and an animal placed alive upon the burning embers, which being at length consumed to ashes, the same were carefully collected, and laid at the feet of the wooden figure, before which all prostrate bent in silent adoration. The grief of the old man seemed great when he found Magog was not to be induced to bend before the god of their idolatry. Every fifth day this religious worship was pursued, all labour censed, and the evening of the day was devoted to pleasure. Twice had the sun revolved around its axis ere Magog thought to quit the happy home of these simple people ; but ere the first six months had passed, religion's dawning light had beamed upon their minds, and the insensate god, the carved work of man's hand, the creature of his own creation, had been consumed upon the altar erected to his worship. Content is not in man ; Magog again forsook a happy home ; again he wandered over inhospitable tracts, mid dismal solitudes, over mountain steeps, the rock's abyss, the waters of the lake, and over the desert's plain. At length he encountered a sight new to the astonished traveller. Majestic mountains, one more lofty than another, covered with snow, or glittering in the sun from ice, struck him with wonder and delight. But, like all worldly pleasures, short was the measure of his joy. Hunger deprived him soon, in this inhospitable clime, of each com-

panion of his weary way, except an only stag ; and after wandering over these regions of sterility for several weeks, and bitterly repenting his departure from his friends in the peaceful vale, he arrived one day, suffering from fatigue and hunger, at a large and beautiful water, on the banks of which he found salutary and nourishing roots. After wandering many days on the margin of this lovely lake, he arrived at a part where a stream separates itself from the parent water. Magog followed the course of this stream, and the further he proceeded, the more lovely he found became the country through which it wound its course. He had journeyed on for near a moon, when he arrived at a part of this majestic river, on the banks of which the soil, teeming with all the beauties of nature, and luxuriant in her richest gifts, determined him to tarry for awhile. Another river, far less majestic, here mingled its yellow waters with the azure of the lovely stream. Outstretched beyond a plain of matchless beauty, a distant chain of mountains, whose summits seemed as pillars to uphold the canopy of heaven, bounded the prospect. Oh ! it was a sight to cheer the wanderer's heart, and fill his mind with admiration. Magog, stretched at his length upon the ground, perfumed by every herb with which the bounteous hand of nature, lavish in her gifts to this highly favoured land, has blessed it with, surveyed each beauty with a lover's glance, and vowed this was his home. Just as the sun's last beams were sinking in the west, soft music, as it were to perfect quite the measure of the exile's joy, stole gently on his ear. He sprang upon his feet to ascertain from whence the dulcet sounds proceeded — sounds such as he never had heard before ; but what was his astonishment when he beheld two heavenly forms, beings seemingly of another world, so perfect were the pair, seated in a chariot drawn by five milk-white stags, whose horns appeared of burnished gold. One of the nymphs with purple reins guided the flying stags, while from the other's skill, the music, which so entranced the youth, without an effort seemed to flow. No sooner did the pair observe the awe-struck stranger, than she who had produced the heavenly strains, dropping her instrument, drew forth a silver arrow, with which she was about to take her aim at the astonished Magog, when the amazon was restrained by her companion, who, guiding her carriage towards the stream, instant its waters separated, and the fiery stags darted headlong through the bed of the river. Before Magog had recovered from his astonishment, the lovely charioteer drew up before him. Both nymphs descended from their seats, and the skilful driver thus addressed the youth :—‘ Stranger, who art thou ? whence comest thou ? what dost thou in my father's realm ? and what is the object of thy sojourn ?’ Entranced, the youth replied : ‘ Fair nymph, fain would I call thee by a name that must be foreign to my poor speech, for I can find no word to speak my wonder ; my native tongue is bankrupt in expression of my admiration of thy matchless charms.’ With a smile the fair one encouraged him briefly to relate his history ; this done, he modestly inquired with what to him yet unknown deity he spoke : he thought till now there had been but one, and that, Great Nature, ‘ I am Maguntia, the daughter of the thousand year old Magnus, granddaughter of the most ancient Rheinus ; but come, thou grandson of famed Noah, thou must visit with us the habitation of my father, thou shalt be welcome.’ Instant the youth was by her side,

but ere he had time to think, he lost perception beneath the waters of the yellow stream. It was clear poor Magog was not formed for such a home, and the fair Maguntia, enamoured of the youth, hastened her lover to the surface of the deep, and thence, on shore. Beneath the fostering care of fair Maguntia, suspended animation soon returned ; and, grieved to find her favourite could not inhabit with herself her watery home, she quick resolved to supplicate her father to erect on land a home for him, if he would consent to stay and share her love. Damsels were not so shy as now, or, beneath the waters of this stream, it is main sure they have constant leap-year. The offer was embraced with joy, and the fair one hastened to her indulgent father's palace, where fairies, fays, and fishes, dwell. Sleep sealed the eyelids of the enamoured youth, and dreams, such as happy lovers know, chased in creative fancy's form, through a night of bliss, the hours away, and when he awoke, his guardian angel, fair Maguntia, hung over his couch. His was a moment of delight ; he heard the liquid words stream from the mouth of the water nymph, heard the confession of her love, he knew himself beloved, and his was bliss supreme. Fathers and grandfathers are in such moments sometimes unwelcome guests ; so thought, no doubt, poor Magog, when sounds of music, breathed through hundred horns of muscle-shells (different from ours of the present day, no doubt), announced the arrival of the ancient pair. Old Rheinus, with his son Manus, accompanied by thousands of tritons, left their watery palace to attend a feast given in honour of the stranger, lover of the daughter of the stream. The son of Noah was welcomed by the sages of the deep, from which, no doubt, has originated the saying, ‘ a deep one,’ and the nuptials of Magog and Maguntia were solemnised with unheard of splendour. On this happy occasion Magog laid the foundation-stone of his future habitation ; and, in a short period, around his costly palace, a town, unrivalled in its situation, stood, the proud erection of the tritons of the deep, and built of stones raised from the bed of its parent streams. For ages the town increased in its population and in splendour, till some barbarous nations, envious of its prosperity, attacked, and totally destroyed it. Some thousand years after, the warlike Romans, under the great commander, Drusus, overrunning the whole country, came to this spot, and, enchanted by a situation which reminded him of the pure climate of Italy, built, on the ruins of the town, the fair Maguntiorum, from Maguntia — the inhabitants of the neighbourhood still calling the ruins of the former town by that name.”

Jam satis : if not more.

The Landscape Annual. Edited by J. Roscoe. 8vo. London, 1836. Jennings. We have elsewhere spoken of the pictorial embellishments ; and the literary portion being principally compiled, does not require any very strict criticism. Mr. Roscoe is a very industrious writer, and has brought together a great deal of information respecting Spain and Morocco, still, the very self-complacent preface might have been spared.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.—On Saturday, the 7th inst. the Rev. A. T. Gilbert, D.D. Principal of Brasenose College, having been re-nominated Vice-Chancellor of the University, took the oaths of office, in full convocation, and entered upon the duties of the vice-chancellorship for the second year, with the accustomed solemnities. The following heads of houses were afterwards nominated by the new vice-chancellor to act as pro-vice-chancellors during his ab-

since from the University, viz.:—Dr. Jenkyns, Master of Balliol College; Dr. Jones, Rector of Exeter College; Dr. Bridges, President of Corpus Christi College; Dr. Marsham, Warden of Merton College.

On Tuesday, the 10th, being the first day of Michaelmas Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. C. G. Owen, Queen's College.

Bachelor of Arts.—Rev. E. J. Goold, Magdalen Hall.

CAMBRIDGE.—On Tuesday, the 10th inst., the following gentlemen were elected University Officers:—

Proctors.—Rev. E. Balles, M.A. Christ's College; Rev. J. H. Evans, M.A. St. John's College.

Moderators.—Rev. E. Stevenson, M.A. Corpus Christi College; Rev. Professor W. H. Miller, M.A. St. John's College.

Serjeants.—Rev. J. Saunders, B.D. Sidney Sussex College; Rev. G. F. Nicholas, M.A. King's College.

Tutors.—T. B. Burcham, M.A. Trinity College; Rev. R. Birckett, M.A. Emmanuel College.

At the same congregation, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon C. George, of St. John's College.

On Thursday, the 12th, the following gentlemen were appointed the caput for the ensuing year:—The Vice-Chancellor; G. Archdeacon D.D. Master of Emmanuel College; Divinity; J. H. Goldhart, M.C.L. Trinity Hall; Law; J. T. Woodley, M.D. Caius College; Physic: H. Arlett, M.A. Pembroke College, Sen. Non-Regent; E. H. Browne, M.A. Downing College, Sen. Regent.

The Fitzwilliam syndicate have just issued the following report to the senate:—"That Messrs. Robert Hicks and Son, builders, have offered to complete the whole work of building the carcass of the Fitzwilliam Museum, according to the drawings and specification of Mr. Basevi, for the sum of £3,262." The syndics, having compared this tender with the others which have been sent in, beg leave to recommend the senate to accept the same on the production of proper securities."

ARTS AND SCIENCES. THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. SEVENTH MEETING: LIVERPOOL. [Sixth and concluding notice.] FRIDAY.—SECTION F.

DR. TAYLOR announced communications from the Attorney-General of New South Wales, respecting the colonisation of that country, and which would be laid before the Section at Newcastle.

The Plague.—Mr. Urquhart, late Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, read a paper 'On the Topography of the Plague.' He stated that, during his residence in Constantinople, in 1834, a case of plague occurred in the house in which he resided, and he was advised to leave the house, but refused. The sick person recovered, and no other individual was attacked. A native, at the time, had remarked to him that he ran no danger whatever, as his residence was in a quarter in which the plague never proved fatal; and the remark had caused him to inquire why it was that particular places were almost invariably free from, and others as almost invariably exposed to, the ravages of the plague. The result of his observations, which had been continued for three years, had led him to the conclusion that, if it did not owe its origin to, it was materially aggravated by, the proximity of the cemeteries to the towns and villages; and that its attacks were most likely to be felt in those places situated above, rather than below, the cemeteries. The plague, he had no doubt, owed its origin to atmospheric influences; for he had observed that the birds always deserted the places where it was raging. Again, wherever it existed, he had always found that a relative position between the cemetery and the spot existed. It was known that the Turks, from religious prejudices, buried their dead very near the surface; and the mephitic vapours which arose from a congregation of putrefying bodies, placed within two feet of the surface, no doubt tended to the extension, if they were not the cause, of the plague. In India, where it was the practice to burn the dead, and in Egypt, where it was the custom to embalm them, no such scourge was known. Mr. Urquhart apologised for having no data to offer to the society's notice; but he hoped that the fact of his having called their

attention to the subject, would lead to the prosecution of a more regular inquiry. The field was broad, and interesting both in a scientific and philanthropical point of view.

Mr. Wyse corroborated the statements which had been advanced by Mr. Urquhart. He himself had never passed the cemetery near the gate of Adrianople, in humid weather, without a distinct perception of effluvia. He hoped that a report on the subject would be made to government, by whom the necessary inquiries could be instituted with far greater facility and success than by any body of private individuals. It would be for them to draw up the necessary formulaires, and to forward them to the secretary of state, that they might by him be sent to the various consuls. They would then have data wherein to ground an hypothesis.

Dr. Boyce observed, that this source of the disease had been overlooked by medical men; and the inquiry now proposed would be of great interest. Thanks were voted to Mr. Urquhart.

Reclamation of Irish Bogs.—Mr. Birmingham read a paper, 'On the Reclaiming of a Bog in the County of Galway, in Ireland, belonging to Lord Clonbrock, which had been under his management for Three Years.' He detailed the processes resorted to; gave a description of the implements employed; and shewed that, by a small outlay (amounting altogether to about 1491*l.*, and including 44*s.* paid in wages to some of the poorest of the neighbouring peasantry), a great portion of the bog, comprising above 100 acres, had been converted into good land, and had proved not only profitable to the landlord, but beneficial to the peasantry. Twenty small occupiers had now comfortable cottages on the tract. He observed, too, that 500 acres could be cultivated with the same machinery that they had for 100; which would, consequently, wonderfully reduce the acreable expense. When he said, it was considered that there were millions of acres of similarly reclaimable bog land in Ireland, and that there were in his country a million and a half of destitute people, it could not but be said that the subject was one which deserved some attention. He concluded by expressing a hope that such scientific gentlemen, who interested themselves in agricultural matters, would come forward with all the information they could give relative to the best description of manure to be employed on such land, as to what plants and vegetables were most suited to the soil, and what was the best method of draining it.

Mr. Wells, secretary to the Dublin society, mentioned the quantity of bog here and there reclaimed by the encroachments of the peasantry themselves, who settled on them like American squatters, and raised good crops of potatoes and oats. The owners of the bogs, however, were usually jealous of these locations, and either charged high rents or drove off the intruders. He had no doubt but immense tracts might be made profitable; and, also, much waste lands on the banks of rivers and streams, now utterly uncultivated.

Mr. Bird asked, whether, after three or four years, reclaimed bog-lands did not cease to pay their expenses?

Mr. Birmingham could only answer for the present, being the first year.

Dr. Granville stated that the question relative to manures, and the best mode of draining, had already been answered in Holland and Germany. He himself had been commissioned by a society of scientific gentlemen in London, to proceed to the Continent, to make inquiries,

and to supply all the statistical information he could procure on this subject. He had done so, and the results of his inquiries had been communicated in a report to the board of the Thames Improvement Company, in February, 1837, and ordered to be printed for circulation. In that report the answers to the questions would be found. The system pursued in Holland had been brought to such perfection, that they even reclaimed sand-hills; and, in many places, where originally there were only deserts, they had produced gardens; and in some cases the expenses had been covered by the produce of the first year.

Commercial Products of India.—The next paper which engaged the attention of the members, was a paper, by Colonel Sykes, 'On the Commercial Products of India.' He stated, that there existed in that country numberless articles of produce, many of which were at present used to a great extent in this country (imported from other countries), but could be procured thence at a much cheaper rate than they were now purchased at; others that could be substituted with advantage for articles of a much dearer description; and, again, countless others that were unknown and undreamed of in England, and which might enter with advantage amongst the articles of regular merchandise. The colonel mentioned the most important products, and referred commercial men, for fuller information, to a series of reports issued by the committee of agriculture and commerce of the Royal Asiatic Society. The articles which he enumerated were, Indian wool (the imports of which, we perceive from a return in one of the reports alluded to, was, in 1833, 303 cwt., and in 1836, 14,645 cwt.); a number of oil and cordage plants, of an extremely valuable character, and many of which are unnoticed in any price current; Indian rubber; wheats, which are of the very finest order; sugar, of which, he said, he had merely to observe that it could be produced to any extent that this country might require; cotton, which came from the heart of India, and which he hoped, by the formation of good roads, to see brought to the coasts in vehicles, and not, as at present, on the backs of bullocks; an article from the Deccan, which yielded an excellent dye; linseed-oil, which has been obtained from Calcutta, and is worth 15 per cent more to the crushers than that brought from Russia, hitherto our sole supplier; castor-oil, for which we formerly depended on the West Indies, but which now, instead of being confined to medicinal purposes, was used in various manufactures; mustard-seeds and rape-seeds—all of which yielded oil; coco-nut oil, the present price of which was 312 per cent above the cost price in Bombay; Bengal hemp, from which bags, twine, cordage, canvass, &c., were made in the east. The ropes made of this material, he added, suffered very little by immersion in water; and he stated, that all the paper in common use in the Deccan was manufactured from old and worn-out grain bags, and other articles, formed from the fibres of the Taag, or Bengal hemp. The colonel informed commercial gentlemen that they might become members of the Royal Asiatic Society by the payment of a guinea annually.

Upon this subject some very interesting conversation ensued; and the advantage of communicating with the Commercial and Agricultural Section of the Royal Asiatic Society was pointed out to the notice of Liverpool, and all commercial men.

State of Crime in Liverpool.—Mr. Joshua Walmsley then read a paper, 'On the State of

Crime in Liverpool.—The report gave, as the result of rigid inquiry (and underrated), a criminal population to this town of 4200 females and 4520 males; 2270 of the latter being professional thieves, and the remainder occasional thieves, living by a combination of labour and plunder; and the whole was set down at upwards of 700,000*l.* In the year 1835, there were taken into custody 13,506 persons, of whom 2136 were committed. In 1836, there were taken into custody 16,890, of whom 3343 were committed. Up to the 13th of the present month, the number taken into custody in eight months was 12,709, of whom 2849 were committed. From July 1835 to July 1836, the number of juvenile thieves, under 18 years of age apprehended was 924, of whom 378 were committed. From July 1836 up to the present day, the number of juvenile thieves taken into custody was 2339, of whom 1096 were committed. There were in custody, during the same period, upwards of 1500 well-known adult thieves. Returns of houses of evil repute were next given; and also another return, which, though not absolutely bearing on the subject, is not without interest. Of 419 individuals now in the gaol, 216 profess the religious creed of Church Protestants, 174 Roman Catholics, eight are Methodists, 17 are Presbyterians, two are Unitarians, one Baptist, and one Independent. 141 can neither read nor write, 59 read imperfectly, 38 read well, 127 read and write imperfectly, and 56 read and write well.

The report concluded thus:—"I have come forward at this time solely with the hope that the subject may be taken up by those able and willing to devise and carry into effect some means for the amelioration of the condition of so many of our fellow-creatures. The surveillance of a vigilant police unquestionably lessens the opportunities for the commission of crime, and leads to the quick detection of the offenders; but humanity requires that, while we take measures to punish, we should use means to reclaim. We should recollect that 'Oft the means to do ill deeds make ill deeds done.'"

A good deal of discussion ensued; but the general accuracy of Mr. Walmsley's figures seemed to be unimpeached.

About two o'clock Lord Sandon vacated the chair, and terminated the business.

SECTION G.

Printing for the Use of the Blind.—Mr. Oliphant, of Edinburgh, spoke at considerable length in defence of an angular system of characters for the use of the blind. He quite agreed with the report, as to the inexpediency of introducing an arbitrary or stenographic character; but, in common with many gentlemen present, had felt disappointed that Mr. Taylor had not entered more fully into the merits of the systems of Mr. Alston, of Glasgow, and Mr. Gell, of Edinburgh. The former gentleman had adopted the Roman capital letters alone, which, in his opinion, were liable to very serious objections. They were all of the same height, and possessed the same general appearance—qualities which rendered them most applicable for titles and inscriptions, where diversity of form and size would be offensive, but which, in a tangible alphabet, were most of all to be avoided. Many of the distinguishing characteristics of the Roman capitals were in the centre of the letter, a position in which, when the size of the type was reduced, it was impossible for the sense of touch readily to distinguish the shape of the enclosed space. This opinion he exemplified by a comparison of various letters, such as H, N, M; X, Z; B, R; O, C, G, &c., whose

extreme points, being nearly in the same position, were alone perceptible to the finger when rapidly running along the line. Mr. O. stated various other reasons by which the Roman capital alphabet was rendered inapplicable for the blind; and expressed his conviction of the impracticability of reducing the size of the type at present in use at the Glasgow press, without impairing its tangibility. On the other hand, many of these difficulties was got over in the alphabets, as recently improved by Mr. Gell, a gentleman who, for many years past, had devoted much attention to making experiments on various characters. Most of the objections noticed in the report had reference to the angular letter in use some time back; but that they were now almost entirely obviated in the present form of the letters, which were now quite legible to the eye, without having lost any of that tangibility by which they were formerly distinguished. As a proof of the ease with which the angular modification of the small Roman alphabet could be read, he mentioned that, during the preceding week, he had witnessed the children attending the School for the Blind, in Edinburgh, reading with not less than eight and ten folds of a silk handkerchief interposed between their fingers and the embossed types; and that Mr. Gell, jun., by constant practice, had acquired such delicacy of touch, as to be able to distinguish letters cut upon a small-pica body, a size of type on which the common octavo Bible is frequently printed; and that he had little doubt but that in a short time, instead of a single Gospel in the raised letters occupying a quarto volume, that the whole New Testament would be contained within that compass. Mr. O. was proceeding to give further illustrations of the importance of introducing the small letter into any system which should receive the sanction of the British Association, by being recommended in its Report, when, at the suggestion of Dr. Carpenter, it was agreed that Mr. Oliphant should have an opportunity of communicating his remarks to Mr. Taylor, who was authorised to insert them, with any observations of his own, as an appendix to his report. Mr. Alston had the same privilege also conceded to him; and, after the thanks of the Section had been given to Mr. Taylor for his valuable report, the discussion was dropped.

Mr. Russell concluded his 'Observations on the Resistance of Waves,' &c.

Duty of Cornish Engines.—Mr. John Taylor, the manager of very extensive Cornish mines, and Mr. Lane, the keeper of the registers, attended by request to give further information on this highly interesting subject.

Mr. Taylor being asked if there was any doubt that the performance of a certain engine reached 125 millions, said, it was the general opinion in Cornwall, that no experiment made for so short a time was to be relied on. Their duty was taken on the average of the month. He found that, if the engine-man was warned, the flues, &c. well heated, and every thing got up in particular order, a very partial result would be obtained. The result of experiments altogether went quite to confirm Mr. Lane's estimates. Other experiments had been made for a few hours, and one had been attended by Mr. Lane; but practical men generally would not attend to those experiments, because they put no reliance on them.

Dr. Lardner said, the conclusiveness of the experiment was one thing, the fact another. Did the duty actually amount to 125 millions during it? Was Mr. Henwood right in conjecturing that the engines got up the steam

very high, and worked it out during the experiment?

Mr. Lane could fully answer in the negative for six hours before. He saw the coals cleared out; the fresh ones weighed; every thing locked up; and, though he put no reliance on the experiment, he had no doubt of its accuracy, so far as it went. He had no doubt the engine did do the duty of 125 millions. Its monthly average was below 100. The experiment continued twenty-six hours.

The conversation was protracted some time, and the experiments of Mr. Farey referred to. We have only room to state that, in answer to a question from Mr. Guest, relative to leakage and loss of water, Mr. Taylor said that this mode of measuring the duty was proposed by Mr. Watt, merely as a standard of comparison between one engine and another, and no one supposed that the discharge amounted to the whole calculated amount. An experiment had actually been made, however, by measuring the water, and the difference did never affect the duty much. They do not say that the actual delivery is to the full amount; but they say that such is the weight of the column lifted.

Thrust of Arches.—The remainder of the morning was principally occupied by the reading of a paper, by Professor Moseley, on this subject.

Mr. Webster read a notice that it was intended to open classes in the new University of Durham for the education of civil engineers, which led to a *spree* between Dr. Lardner and Professor Robinson, by way of *finale*.

The Sections having broken up somewhat earlier than the accustomed hour of three o'clock, the point of attraction was soon seen to be the Botanic Garden; and thither the carriages of every description were wending their way, laden with the company invited to the *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The day seemed made expressly for the purpose; and the good folks of Liverpool were fortunate in having their handsome entertainment favoured by auspicious weather. The grounds are newly laid out on a much larger scale than the Gardens which preceded them, and offer ample room for botanical purposes. On the present occasion they were promenaded by several thousand well-dressed persons; and the effect was as striking as any thing of the kind we ever witnessed. The *déjeuner* itself, spread under an immense awning, was of a splendid description; and the profusion of the finest fruits, melons, grapes, pines, &c. left the vast numbers assembled nothing to wish for.

Indeed, like all the rest of the doings connected with the Liverpool reception of the Association, the treat was not only abundant, but magnificent, and conducted with admirable order.

Evening Meeting at the Amphitheatre.—In the evening, as previously arranged, a meeting took place at the Amphitheatre, at which gentlemen, appointed by the various Sections, made brief Reports of their Proceedings throughout the week. At former meetings similar reports were made every evening, or three or four times within the week; but this method of generalising the intelligence had been found to be troublesome and imperfect. In the hope of improvement, it was now endeavoured to combine the whole together, after the business was finished; but the plan, though interesting, was not eminently successful. The only way to obtain a perfect abstract and popular view of the circumstances must be to take notes of every day's work in every Section, and submit

them to the presidents for revision and correction; but even this might be in some instances faulty, in consequence of the presidents often leaving their own Sections to read papers or participate in the discussions of others; and thus breaking the thread of observation. The subject, however, will be considered before the next year, and the best machinery be applied to surmount the difficulties.

The Amphitheatre was crowded, and the *coup d'ail* extremely good; but as we have already reported every particular of the proceedings worthy of public attention, we need not follow the necessarily more meagre statements of the distinguished individuals who now appeared on the stage to perform the tasks allotted to them, but only refer to what appeared most new or interesting as coming from them.

Lord Burlington having taken the chair, Professor Peacock gave a very distinct account of the Papers, &c. in Section A., specifying those of the greatest importance. Among the latter were Mr. Lubbock's 'Observations on Tides,' respecting which Mr. P. particularly mentioned the remarkable coincidence between theory and observation; whence he confidently anticipated that the theory of the tides would soon be as accurately settled as that of any celestial phenomena. He also noticed the Report from Dr. Robinson on certain Lunar Observations, 6000 in number, and their coincidence with those of Mr. Pond, to the extent of 1-3000th part of a second. Having dwelt with just encomiums on Mr. Russell's, Sir W. Hamilton's, Professor Lloyd's, Mr. De la Rive's, and Mr. Harris's communications on Waves, Algebra, Optical Phenomena, Magnetism, and Tides respectively, he then adverted to Capt. Denham's experiments on Light-Houses more fully than we have done. Captain Denham, he said, had exhibited his proposed improvement in the construction of coloured light for lighthouses. He had exhibited the red light, as produced in the usual manner; the same, as produced by a red globe; the same, as produced by a red cylinder. Many interesting and important remarks were made on the subject by Mr. Faraday and Sir D. Brewster; but, as the glasses were not identical, precisely, in structure, they could not pronounce conclusively on the merits of the invention; but, so far as appeared, the red light produced by Captain D.'s apparatus was of a very striking character.

Professor Robinson, of Armagh, had sent a series of observations on the Parallax of the Fixed Star in Lyra. This, they were aware, was a most exciting and controverted subject. It was of the highest importance to astronomers — no less than to determine whether the fixed stars were within a distance, not such as could be conceived in miles — but even such as could be appreciated by philosophical instruments. Mr. Pond was against the existence of any appreciable parallax; Dr. Brinkley, a high name, thought the contrary. On the authority of Sir William Hamilton, it appeared that the observations at Dublin yet confirmed the latter. Dr. Robinson's observations were discrepant with those of Mr. Pond; and though many think the question settled, he (Professor P.) must still, under the authority of two such distinguished philosophers, consider it opened anew, but only, he trusted, to be settled for ever.

Mr. Peacock's address, which was remarkably clear, intelligent, and well delivered, having occupied thirty-five minutes, the chairman remarked on the expediency of the speakers limiting themselves, as nearly as possible,

to the time fixed (a quarter of an hour or little more), in order that the whole might be got through by a reasonable hour (it was now past nine o'clock); and called on Mr. Faraday for the Report of the Chemical Section B.

Mr. F. concluded amid great applause in eighteen minutes, and was succeeded by Professor Sedgwick for the Section of Geology, C; who, after a playful introduction, said, he would take the papers read at his section, not chronologically, but as they related to the stratifications, beginning with the superficial. First was a paper 'On the Motion of Glaciers'; then two by Mr. Yates and another gentleman, on an operation of which they unfortunately knew too much this week — the deposition of mud. Next came the paper of their distinguished townsman, Captain Denham, 'On the Navigation of the Mersey,' which shewed, as well as the records of great ports filled up by the like cause, the great importance of knowing something about mud. He had no time to go into the merits of this paper, but it did Captain Denham the highest honour. The learned professor proceeded through the subjects of gravel, fluviatile strata, and the new red sandstone; and the papers relating to those formations, until he came to the coal formation, and on that he noticed the numbers and value of the local contributions to the geology of South Lancashire, which he hoped was in some degree attributable to the influence of the Association. He alluded with much feeling to the accident at Workington, where a mighty coal-field, one of the hearts, as it were, of the country, was destroyed; but he was convinced that Providence, so kind to this country, had conferred on its coal-fields so vast, that thousands of years would not exhaust its enormous resources of fuel. He referred to the new fissures discovered by Agassiz in the Ludlow rock; and bestowed much praise on the labours of Mr. Gilbertson, of Preston. After passing through the limestone, the transition rocks, and touching on mineral veins, avowing his belief that the earth had existed for ages before man was created, the speaker wound up by a powerful vindication of the moral and religious tendency of the study of geology.

Professor Henslow gave an account of Section D. He analysed the most valuable papers, and touched on many interesting subjects. The most interesting fact he stated, was that relating to Mr. Crosse's experiments. Mr. Crosse discovered living animals in a solution of silica acted on by galvanism. Some people, not Mr. Crosse himself, said those insects were generated by galvanism; others, that they or their ova existed in the silica, and were set at liberty by the solution. Mr. Children, of the British Museum, Mr. Golden Bird, and another chemist, had all three repeated the experiment with the greatest attention to accuracy. All three came to the same conclusion — that they could produce no such animals. Further, entomologists had examined the specimens furnished by Mr. Crosse, and had decided that they were a well-known common and destructive little mite, and conjectured that the ova had been introduced in the distilled water, and developed by the galvanic action.

Dr. Roget, as president of Section E, gave an account of the successful attempt made in his section to identify the sounds given by the human heart with those produced by the percussion of fluids in common elastic tubes; and entered at length into a description of the stethoscope, which he illustrated by exhibiting forms and modes of applying the instrument. In conclusion, he observed that philosophers,

were called cold and unfeeling, but from this it appeared that they had at last learned the language of the heart!

Lord Sandon (who was received with great applause) narrated the proceedings of the Statistical Section E, in one of the most concise and luminous addresses of the evening; but as we have pretty fully reported the leading papers, we shall here only speak in terms of perfect accord of the sound and judicious advice with which his lordship concluded. He noticed the near approach which the matters discussed in this Section made to prohibited topics, and earnestly exhorted its members to adhere to their past principles; to devote themselves to the elucidation of inquiries calculated to benefit their country, and their fellow-creatures; and to avoid the quicksands on which the introduction of religious opinions or political questions would infallibly wreck them.

Professor Robinson wound up the proceedings by an eloquent flourish of trumpets from Section F, Mechanics. If he were to attempt to detail all the results of the Section, morning would arise before their interest would be exhausted. The Association, first of all, had a Mathematical and Physical Section. It was not then conceived that the higher minds, which dwelt amid the sublimities of geometry, would find, not merely associates, but guides and teachers in their own science, among those on whom they looked down. But it was impossible that sound practical men could come into contact with such persons as Brewster and Whewell, without catching some portion of the fire which animated them. The seed had been sown, and the fruit had been not a hundred fold, but a thousand fold. The Section of Physics threw off that of Mechanical Science. Since then, the latter had attained a magnitude and interest which, if second to any, was second only to Geology. It had now the protection of the British Association, a Minerva, extending over it a shield, on which all the imbecile arrows of derision and mockery fell in vain. Long might the Society go on increasing in prosperity; and he who first conceived the idea of it would go down in history as a benefactor to the human race.

Professor Phillips then announced the appointments for excursions to-day, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, *excusez-mes*.

It was rather *mal-à-propos*, that the opening of the Mechanics' Institute was also appointed for this evening, as it prevented the attendance of many eminent persons. It was, nevertheless, opened in excellent style; above a thousand individuals being present, and the addresses delivered, and motions made, by men of great celebrity.

SATURDAY.

The only Section which met to-day was that of Geology, which sat for nearly two hours, till one o'clock, when the General Meeting was held.

Mr. Fox reported that he had obtained some slight indications of electric action in Skeen's lead-mine, near Middleton, Teasdale; but that he was induced to believe, from the experiments which he had hitherto made in lead-mines, situated in limestone, and sandstone, that the electricity developed in them is much more feeble than it is in copper and some other veins, situated in the lower rocks, such as granite and killas. He also stated that he found the altered coal, or cinder, occurring contiguous to the great trap dyke in Durham, in Cockfield Fell Colliery, to be incapable of conducting Voltic electricity; whereas common cinder is a good conductor — and so is the altered coal in ques-

tion, after exposure to heat sufficient to coke it. Hence it appears that the cinder of Cockfield Fell must have undergone some change, to deprive it of its conducting powers. He also reported the results of some experiments which had been made for him in Levant copper and tin mines, and the Consolidated Mines in Cornwall, by which it appears that thermometers, four feet long, and buried in holes three feet deep, which were filled round with clay, indicated, at the deepest parts of these mines, higher degrees of temperature than shorter thermometers, buried only one inch deep in contiguous holes. In Levant mine, at 200 fathoms below the sea level, and about 230 fathoms under the surface, the deep thermometer indicated a temperature of 80° , and the short one $78\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$. Both were in granite, and four feet from the lode. This is equal to an increase of 1° for every 46 feet, calculating from the surface. In the Consolidated Mines, situated in killas, the deep thermometer indicated a temperature of 85° , at 24 fathoms from the lode, and at the depth of 290 fathoms under the surface, or 237 fathoms under the sea level, half tide; which is in the ratio of 1° of increase for every 49 feet. The short thermometer, buried only one inch deep, near the same station, indicated a temperature of only 84° . At another place, only 10 fathoms from the lode, long thermometer, $86\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, short one, 85° ; and in the lode itself, former 92° , and the latter 88° . These experiments clearly prove that, in these cases, the temperature of the earth is not increased, but the reverse, by adventitious causes. Mr. Fox considers that the anomalous results of temperature obtained in mines is in great measure to be attributed to the greater or less facility which the rocks themselves afford to the circulation of water; the warmer portions of that fluid having always a tendency to ascend, and to convey heat upwards, more or less according to the nature and fissured state of the rock: and in this way he accounted for the temperature of granite being rather inferior to that of killas, at equal depths.

Mr. Elias Hall described, very minutely, the geological formations of Derbyshire, and exhibited an indented map of the county cut by himself. It was a model with all its diversities of hill, dale, and plain. The various mineral productions were shewn, with the position and direction of the strata of the earth, rocks, &c.

Mr. Hardman Phillips read an interesting paper 'On the prodigious Field of Bituminous Coal in Pennsylvania,' which, he said, resembled the Newcastle coal in all its valuable properties.

Professor Sedgwick, in one of his eloquent bursts, closed the proceedings of the week, and had the thanks of the Section, and of its crowd of fair auditors, voted to himself by acclamation.

At the amphitheatre in the evening, Mr. Murchison, the general secretary, read the report from the general committee, relative to the appointment of officers for the ensuing year, (given in our journal of the proceedings of the committee.) Though the Society was not blessed with any very rich endowments, yet it had spared, from the contributions of its philosophers, and of the humble aspirants for scientific lore, the sum of 3000*l.*

After various appropriate speeches, thanks were voted to Sir John Tobin; to the Mayor of Liverpool; to the President, &c. of the Royal Institution; the Members of the Mechanics' Institution; the committee of the Savings' Bank; the members of the Liverpool Medical

Institution; the proprietors of the Botanic Gardens; the members of the Athenaeum, Lyceum, Lloyd's, the Exchange Rooms, &c., for the very valuable accommodation which had been afforded to the Association; to the various bodies who had placed steam-vessels at their disposal; to the Earl of Derby; Charles Blundell, Esq. of Ince; the proprietors of the Salt Mines; and others, who had kindly thrown open their works to the inspection of the Association; to the members of the Academy of Artists; to the local council; to Mr. Turner, the local secretary; to the Earl of Burlington, for the able and dignified manner in which he had presided over the meetings of the Association; and to those distinguished foreigners who had honoured the Association with their presence.

To all these well-deserved compliments, suitable thanks were returned; and one reverend gentleman (Mr. Campbell, we believe), the rector of one of the principal churches in Liverpool, in acknowledging that paid to the savings banks, delivered an address equally distinguished by eloquence, good feeling, and sound religious principles. It produced a vivid sensation on the auditory, and would be well worth preservation for the benefit of truth and science.

The Earl of Burlington said, the moment for the performance of his last duty had at length arrived, the laws of the Association wisely limiting their session to a single week. It was with a feeling of pain that he bade adieu to that assembly. The friendly intercourse of the week was now at an end, but the feelings which had been excited would not so soon pass away. He thanked the inhabitants of the town generally, for the manner in which they had been received. He wished, also, to express his sense of the kindness and hospitality which he had received from the chief magistrate of this town. This he did on behalf both of himself and Lady Burlington. He had nothing further to add, but that the meeting stood adjourned to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where they should again assemble early in August next.

On Sunday, after divine service, a small party, consisting of the Earl of Burlington, Lord Compton, Lady Compton, Sir D. Wilkie, Sir W. Hamilton, Messrs. Sedgwick, Whewell, Greenough, S. Turner, De la Beche, Wheatstone, Jerdan, Turner, jun., availed themselves of the polite invitation of its proprietor, Mr. Blundell, to visit his extraordinary collection of marbles, &c., at Ince. Our readers may not be aware that these comprise a moiety of the famous Townley collection, Mr. Blundell's ancestor being a companion in the travel; and are wonderfully rich in Grecian art and Roman antiquities. Some of the groups and statues are of the highest character, and hundreds of mausolea, cinerary urns, inscriptions, busts, basso-relievo, &c. &c. of the utmost interest: together with the pictures, also a grand collection, and including several of the noblesse of Wilson's productions, they were examined with deep curiosity; and, after partaking of a handsome collation, and enjoying the converse of the venerable owner, a superb specimen of

"The good old English gentleman,
One of the olden time."

the party returned to Liverpool completely gratified with their pleasant excursion.

We are not aware that we have left unnoticed any of the proceedings at this interesting meeting, or slurred over any matter which could be useful to our readers. Masses of in-

applicable detail, formula of abstruse speculations, and discussions of trivial subjects, possessing more of personal than of public value, we have curtailed, but not of their fair proportions, — preferring, in these instances, quality to quantity. Experiments and questions of importance to particular classes, such as the miner, the steam navigator, the engine-maker, the railroad engineer, and the mechanic, have had their substance condensed, where we considered the differences of opinion and the volumes of words to be rather perplexing than elucidatory: nor have we dwelt upon vague and disputed theories which were left at the close in exactly the same position of uncertainty in which they were at the beginning; and in the investigation of which, in truth, no advance had been made during the last two or three years. We had no inclination to repeat our Bristol, Dublin, or Edinburgh statements.

The higher and abstract sciences have fully maintained their station in all these meetings; and the few to whom they are intelligible will, we trust, find all they can wish to know respecting their progress in our pages — viz. the results of extraordinary mental exercises.

Of the more practical illustrations of chemistry, botany, mechanics, we have omitted nothing; though in several cases, such as iron-smelting, the preservation of plants without air, and other points of minor inquiry, the conclusions of the Sections were themselves indefinite, and much postponed to future investigation.

The three Sections which occupied the most lively attention were the Geological, the Mechanical, and the Statistical. The first, from the eloquence and talents of its leading members, from its own novelty, and from the ease with which every body can become a bit of a geologist, must always be popular. At this anniversary, its chief contributions, though valuable, presented no new features of remarkable character. The peel of the orange was not penetrated far beyond the scratch of the pin. The Mechanical Section, as we observed in the course of our report, has grown in activity and strength. It will require a very watchful and intelligent committee to render its proceedings as beneficial as they are likely to be (in continuation) various and warm. It embraces so many objects of immediate and individual concern, that the conflict of opinion must be well regulated in order to make it nationally productive of good. The Statistical Section seems to be doing all that could be expected; collecting data for useful application hereafter, amongst which there must inevitably be a considerable accumulation of *caput mortuum*. The directors, however, deserve one great praise: they have steered clear of every questionable topic; and, though, as in geology, the facility of being a smatterer is a potent recruiter of members, the discussions have generally partaken of interest and utility.

Among things connected with the meeting, we should mention the greenhouse in which a variety of plants have been kept without the admission of air, or being watered oftener than once in four or five months. It is a glass cabin eight or ten feet long, and four or five in breadth: and the various shrubs appeared to be healthy and vigorous. But as there must be a rush of air every time the doors are opened, we cannot deem the experiments so absolute as those made on a smaller scale under bell or other glasses. The trials are curious, and since every one may readily make them,

we would recommend their adoption, especially to our fair botanical friends.

With regard to the "tottle of the whole" of this anniversary, it must be viewed with unmixed satisfaction. The town and inhabitants of Liverpool discharged the duties of hospitality in a manner to do themselves the utmost honour. The harmony and sociality of the entire proceedings were also especially gratifying. There were no collisions except such as if "a brother should a brother dare;" and the very slight mistake in inviting two presidents for the ensuing year was soon admirably adjusted by the tact and judgment of Mr. Murchison, to whose great exertions, as general secretary, throughout the whole of these transactions, as well as to his good-humour and pleasantry where philosophy doffs some of her attributes for relaxation, the Meeting owed much of its success. The appropriation of a large and growing annual fund to promote the cause of science, is another very important feature of this Institution; the fruits of which must soon be visible. Never was a great, wealthy, and enterprising country so destitute of public or government support either as concerns science, literature, or art, as that country which is our boast. Let us hope, therefore, that this Association may gradually acquire sufficient power to occupy the vacant sphere of patronage and encouragement. Towards this desideratum we think some very simple measures of finance might essentially contribute. For example, to facilitate the payment of annual subscriptions, where the parties do not attend every meeting; we know many persons who miss years, and would yet pay their intermediate subscriptions if they were aware where they were receivable. Again, donations might be courted for any specific objects of science. Legacies might be invited for general purposes; in short, with good management, the fund might be much increased.

But we have no right to assume the post of dictator: it is pleasure enough to be an observer, and to feel that interest in the progress of the Association which every well-wisher to the prosperity and honour of Great Britain must feel in all its operations.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

SATURDAY, 14th.—Mr. Goulding Bird demonstrated a new arrangement of an electro-magnetic apparatus, dispensing with manual labour to break contact. This desideratum is effected by induced magnetism. Over one of the poles of the induced magnet, fixed vertically, a small ball of soft iron depends; on its being attracted, contact is broken, by which the magnetic influence is destroyed, the ball regains its position, contact is renewed, and magnetism again induced. Thus contact is broken, and renewed rapidly and regularly, and sufficient time allowed for inertia in the reverse currents to be overcome. To the laws of inertia Mr. Bird stated the imponderables were subject, and to this he attributed the cause of the second shock being weaker than the first, when the action of the ratchet-wheel and other adopted modes is too rapid. The effects produced by this new arrangement are more powerful than by any other electro-magnetic apparatus. Mr. Bird had, and did, elicit a spark from the secondary coil, which he believed had never previously been done. Mr. Bird concluded by saying, that he was not the inventor of a new apparatus, but hoped that the arrangements he had pointed out, and the results of his experiments, would become really useful in the hands of the instrument-makers and others.

FINE ARTS. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Sketcher's Manual; or, the Whole Art of Picture Making reduced to the simplest Principles; by which Amateurs may Instruct themselves without the aid of a Master. By Frank Howard. 12mo. pp. 79. London, 1837. Darton and Clark.

THERE is something rather startling in the comprehensive title of this little work; and we confess that we do not think it is happily chosen. The whole art of picture-making in seventy-nine duodecimo pages! That would be *multum in parvo* indeed. By "picture-making," however, Mr. Howard means only the production of "pictorial effect." As he justly observes,—"The objects in a drawing may be accurately outlined, and shaded very correctly, very neatly and delicately finished, and yet it shall be less pleasing than a slight sketch, having no pretension to accuracy of outline or detail, but which possesses the charm of pictorial effect. The term picture is here used in a general sense, as meaning an agreeable object, or combination of objects, for contemplation; and pictorial effect is applied to that quality which distinguishes a picture from a diagram or map. In what does this magical power consist? Is it difficult of comprehension or attainment? The answers to these two questions will not be found in any work on the art, whether elementary or scientific. Yet there can be no doubt that the desideratum with amateurs and artists, and particularly with sketchers, is not only to represent forms, but to make pictures; to place the object or objects before the spectator under pleasing circumstances, or with what is termed "pictorial effect."

Mr. Howard proceeds to supply the deficiency with a clearness, and ability, and an evident knowledge of the subject, which must greatly increase the reputation he has already acquired by his works as an artist, especially by his "Spirit of Shakespeare," which, our readers will recollect, received high and frequent commendation from us during the course of its publication. Without the graphic illustrations, however, (which are numerous) it is quite impossible to shew the principles on which Mr. Howard proves that pictorial effect mainly depends. We must, therefore, refer to the book itself, of which every artist or amateur ought to put himself in immediate possession.

Looking In. Painted by H. P. Parker; engraved by W. O. Geller. Ackermann & Co. WHY will Mr. Parker thus multiply pictures painted from the same model? He seems to think that *deceas repetitae placet*, but he may depend upon it that is not the case. Mr. Parker is an artist of great talent; and we regret to see him doing himself so much injustice. We must also protest against his continual projection of the figure out of the frame. In the first instance, the novelty and surprise of the thing excused this irregularity: it now becomes offensive.

Wyld's Map of the London and Birmingham Railway. The Distances computed by time. INTERESTING even at present. On the completion of the railway, it will be an indispensable companion to the traveller.

A Philosopher in search of the Wind. Painted by Robert Farrier; drawn on stone by Thomas Fairland. Ackermann and Co. Is the publication of this print at the present period intended to be a sly satire on some of

the recent proceedings at Liverpool? It is full of fun, and does great credit both to Mr. Farrier and to Mr. Fairland.

His Excellency Sir Francis Bond Head, Bart. K.C.H., Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, &c. Painted by Nelson Cook, Esq.; engraved by C. Turner, A.R.A. Toronto, Upper Canada, Capreol; London, Colnaghi and Co.

A FIRMLY marked, manly countenance. The original picture was painted at the solicitation of the inhabitants of the city of Toronto.

Studies from Nature. By J. Inskip. Plate X. Tilt.

THIS publication, for some time suspended, in consequence of Mr. Inskip's absence on the Continent, has now been resumed. The present plate possesses the same vivacity of expression, squareness of drawing, and featheriness of execution, as its predecessors.

A Genealogical Chart, with the Succession of the Kings [Sovereigns?] of England. Darton and Son.

A small lithographic sheet, neatly mounted on canvas with roller; and shewing, in a very distinct manner, the course of the English monarchy, from the ancient Britons, to Victoria, "whom God preserve!"

Importance of Punctuality. C. Ingrey. ADMIRABLE as a moral lesson, if not very commendable as a work of art.

DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—After the *Provoked Husband*, on Thursday, a new melo-dramatic romance, entitled *Afrancesado*, was produced. It consists of a long series of incidents, for plot there is not, and is interspersed with some pretty music, by Alexander Lee, and a good deal of beautiful scenery. These gained some applause; but *Afrancesado* was not very successful.

Haymarket.—A petite comedy, entitled *The Romantic Widow*, introduced a Mr. Ranger to a London audience. He is a pleasant actor, and was more happy in his reception than the piece in which he made his *début*.

St. James's.—A burlesque upon Shakespeare's *King John* has succeeded in drawing down plenty of laughter at the St. James's, which has been well attended since the appearance of Mr. Graham, who is quite as popular, and who sings quite as well as ever. *Artaxerxes* is so well cast at this house, that it must fill it.

Adelphi.—*The Man with the Nose* has been added to the already attractive entertainments at the Adelphi. It is a clever farce, and nightly sends the audience home laughing.

Olympic.—*A Quiet Day* has been played every evening since our last; sufficient evidence of its success, and the clever acting of Keely and his wife.

VARIETIES.

Odd Whim.—A foreign journal states, that an Englishman, having lately obtained permission to live for a fortnight in one of the houses recently cleared at Pompeii, had it completely restored in its original style; and, with his family and servants, having assumed the ancient Roman costume, resided there during the whole period, like a citizen of the republic, making the perusal of the classics his sole amusement!

Munich.—An English artist, of acknowledged taste, who has lately visited Munich, is

delighted with the works of several of the German artists employed in decorating the new palace. Some of them, he declares, are quite as grand as the productions of Michael Angelo. How mortifying it is to compare the magnificent encouragement afforded to the fine arts by a petty state, with the petty encouragement afforded to them by magnificent England !

A recent New York paper gives the following as a "state of the markets :" — The operations in ashes are as dry as ever ; coffee remains *unsettled*, as at last quotations ; cotton continues *light* ; drugs are not in request ; fish sales for the last week have been remarkably *seedy* ; flour has *riz*, as it is well known several bakers *knead* (need) large quantities ; in hide the demand continues strong, and some *tough* stories are told of some recent operations ; indigo looks rather *blue* ; iron goes off *hard* ; lead continues *heavy*, but goes off rapidly in small quantities ; sole leather is much *pressed* down ; oil goes off *smoothly* ; pickles are as sharp as ever ; tar sticks to first hands ; whalebone retains its *elasticity* ; tobacco is much *puffed* by some, and *cut up* by others ; the operations, however, are not to be *sneezed* at.

Archbishop Sharpe. — The seal of the celebrated James Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, was recently turned up by the plough, in a field at Craigherbs, near the mill of Boyndie. It is in excellent preservation, and has been deposited in the museum of the Banff Institution.

Sea-Serpent. — The Americans are not to have all the sea-serpents to themselves. According to the most authentic accounts, one has just appeared on the coast of Norway, some three-quarters of a mile long ; but the same newspapers contain the speech of the president of the United States, which, by way of compensation, it must be owned, is equally *lengthy*.

Mont Blanc has been recently ascended by a party of English and Swedish tourists, but nothing of philosophical import added to former expeditions. We hope that balloon ascents may, in the course of the ensuing spring, be made available to experiments on temperature, and other atmospheric and meteorological phenomena, instead of being merely senseless shews.

Different Construction. — In the Statistical Section, on one of the days, the list mentioned a paper on "the Cellars of Liverpool," which a person reading, innocently exclaimed, "I wonder if there can be any account of the wine in them ?"

Quotation. — Lord Northampton made a very apt quotation on the reading of Captain Denham's paper "on the deposits in the Mersey." "It appears," said his lordship, "that the quality of Mersey is not strained."

H. B. — No. 503 of H. B.'s clever sketches is before us. We do not think it so happy as the generality of this gentleman's productions ; but the likenesses of the Queen, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Palmerston, are very good.

Organ Music. — Some fine selections of sacred music have been played at the Music Hall, in Store Street, on a new organ, built for the Wesleyan chapel, at Leeds, by Messrs. Hill and Davison.

Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-Book for 1836, keeps up the character of its predecessors from Sudbury. It is in an elegant binding, and filled with useful and entertaining matter.

Weather Wisdom. — A week of beautiful autumnal weather has not verified the prediction of the past ; we proceed with the week

to come. — "Variable until the 24th, when there are tokens of more calm and temperate air, with white (*cumuli*) clouds. The sun aspects Herschel, and the air grows cooler again towards the 28th — thermometer low, and the weather unsettled."

Belgian Archives. — The original correspondence of the Prince of Orange, William the Taciturn, with Margaret of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands, in the latter months of 1566, and the beginning of 1567, was lately discovered in the archives of the kingdom of Belgium.

Acoustic Telegraph. — It is said that an inhabitant of Austria has invented a tube, in the form of a speaking-trumpet, six feet five inches long, which conveys sound in 11 and 1-10th seconds to a distance of 12,000 feet.

Francis M'Nab, Esq. of M'Nab. — The laird was a regular attendant on the Leith races, at which he usually appeared in a rather flashy-looking gig. On one of these occasions he had the misfortune to lose his horse, which suddenly dropped down dead. At the races in the following year, a wag, who had witnessed the catastrophe, rode up to him and said, "M'Nab, is that the same horse you had last year ?" "No, py Cot !" replied the laird, "but this is the same whip ;" and he was about to apply it to the shoulders of the querist, when he saved himself by a speedy retreat." — *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. George Doe is about to produce a highly finished engraving in line, from Newton's interesting picture of "Sterne and the Grisette;" and will in a few weeks be ready with his laborious work from Wilkie's "John Knox Preaching," which latter has been in unceasing progress for nearly four years. It is the largest line print that has appeared since the days of Sharpe.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 12	From 43 to 63	30-33 to 30-41
Friday .. 13	... 35 .. 68	30-44 .. 30-50
Saturday .. 14	... 38 .. 55	30-55 .. Stat.
Sunday .. 15	... 18 .. 56	30-52 .. 30-45
Monday .. 16	... 35 .. 56	30-36 .. 30-23
Tuesday .. 17	... 31 .. 55	30-18 .. 30-09
Wednesday 18	... 46 .. 59	30-05 .. 30-13

* The thermometer, on the morning of the 15th, remarkably low.

Winds, N. and N. by W.

Except the mornings of the 16th and 18th, generally clear ; a little rain on the morning of the 18th
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude.. 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Deptford, 18th October, 1837.

— I venture to transmit you a concise description of the lunar eclipse of last week, as observed at Deptford, trusting that a communication from the residence of your late astronomical correspondent may not be unacceptable. The moon rose on Friday, 13th instant, at 9^h 30^m, accompanied with her usual splendour ; and through the evening her disc was favourably exhibited for telescopic examination, rendered peculiarly interesting in expectation of the approach of the earth's shadow upon her. About 10^h 30^m, her light was partially obscured by a stratum of clouds, which, though not sufficiently dense entirely to obliterate her disc, yet, as it continued till within a few minutes of the emersion, disappointed the expected gratification of observing the entrance of the earth's shadow upon the lunar surface, and tracing its progress over her successive mountain ranges and deep caverns. It was evident, after 9^h 31^m, that the eclipse had commenced, as the moon's eastern edge did not penetrate the screen of clouds, when the other portions of the disc were faintly visible. The formal approximation of the luminary to a crescentic form was observed through occasional openings in the cloudy medium ; but it was impossible to ascertain either the moment of actual immersion, or whether it was visible at the period of greatest obscuration. On taking a supposed hopeless survey of the heavens about 20 minutes to 12 o'clock (which, till then, had remained hidden in intense darkness), symptoms of a clear sky were observed in the eastern horizon, and the stratum of clouds had begun to gradually disperse beneath the celestial canopy, apparently rising like a sable curtain in order to dispense, with greater effect, the splendid scene about to be exhibited. As the surface of the sky became gradually unveiled, the winter constellations shone forth, and enkindled many lively recollections : Orion was reclining near the horizon ; above him were Aldebaran and the Pleiades, with Cassiopeia near the meridian, and Aries, Gemini, Perseus, &c., in their respective quarters. An anxious scrutiny was directed to the meridian, across which the cloudy curtain was rapidly passing, to observe whether the totally eclipsed luminary would be visible ; when the moon suddenly appeared, glowing like a live coal or heated copper, the eastern edge being considerably brighter, as she was now approaching the moment of emersion. The stratum of clouds gradually passed onwards, and at length disappeared in the western horizon, leaving the star-gemmed pavement of heaven glittering with unusual brightness ; while the dark disc appeared as if about to be rekindled into unutterable lustre. About 12 minutes past midnight, an intensely bright beam was emitted from her disc to cast a distinct shadow from surrounding objects ; and as the eastern limb emerged from obscuration, the western, though actually increasing in luminosity, was but dimly seen, owing to the strong contrast of brightness. The firmament was at this time eminently attractive ; its choicest and most remarkable scenery was displayed ; the most singular combinations of stellar phenomena were within the range of telescopic examination ; while the gradual passage of the earth's shadow across the lunar surface exposed successively new regions to the solar influence. Imagination easily suggested the no less magnificent scenery from these respective tracts, as the sun gradually descended, or eastwardly expanded his enormous breadth. About half-past twelve, a new stratum of clouds rose in the eastern quarter, and gradually concealed again those constellations that had been so beautifully unveiled ; and it gradually approached the moon, still considerably obscured, but was delicately silvery by the feeble moonlight, leaving gulfs of intense blackness, through which the stars shone with considerable brilliancy. This portion of the heavens presented a similar appearance to the aurora seen occasionally during the past two or three winters ; and, in fact, a few precursory clouds, from their fleecy aspect, were at first mistaken for a variety of this phenomenon. The halo formed by its approach to the moon partook of her crescentic form. The moon being again obscured, the only evidence of the state of the eclipse was the proportion of her disc that was able occasionally to penetrate the fleecy veil in which she was enveloped, until three minutes past one, when the eclipse was apparently concluded, though the instant of its termination could not be observed. About 4 minutes past one the moon suddenly shone for a few moments through a break in the clouds, and exhibited herself as perfectly free from the earth's shadow. With the exception of the hour intervening between half-past eleven and half-past twelve, this eclipse was not observed with the same gratification as that of April last ; sufficient, however was seen to testify both to the precision of celestial movements, and to the exactitude of astronomical calculations.— J. T. BARKER.

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